# The Foure Prentises o London,

## VVith the Conqueſt of *Jeruſalem*.

As it hath beene diuers times acted at the Red. Bull, by th Queenes Maieſties Seruants with good applauſe.

*Written and newly reuiſed by* THOMAS HEYVVOOD.

Printed at *London* by *Nicholas Okes*. 1632.

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# To the Honeſt and High-ſpirited Prentiſes, the Readers.

NOne but to you (as whom this Play moſt eſpecially concernes) I thought good to Dedicate this Labour, which though written many yeares ſince, in my Infancy of Iudgment in this kinde of Poetry, and my firſt practiſe: Yet vnderſtanding (by what meanes I know not) it was in theſe more exquiſite and refined Times to come to the Preſſe, in ſuch a forwardneſſe ere it came to my knowledge, that it was paſt preuention, and then

*knowing withall, that it comes short of that accuratnesse both in Plot and Stile, that these more Censorious dayes with greater curiosity acquire, I must thus excuse. That as Playes were then some fifteene or sixteene yeares agoe it was in the Fashion. Nor could it haue found a more seasonable and fit publication then at this Time, when, to the glory of our Nation, the security of the Kingdome, and the Honor of this Renowned City, they haue begunne againe the commendable practice of long forgotten Armes, the continuance of which I wish, the Discipline approue, and the encouragement thereof euen with my soule applaude. In which great and hoped good they deserue not the least attribute of Approbation: who, in the dull and sleepy time of* Peace, *first waken'd the Remembrance of these armes in the Artillery Gar-*

*den,*

*,en, which begun out of their* voluntary affections, *proſecuted by their* priuate Induſtries, and continued at their owne proper coſt and charge, *deſerues in my opinion not onely Reſpect and Regard, but recompence and reward. But to returne agayne to you, my braue ſpirited* Prentiſes, *vpon whom I haue freely beſtowed theſe* Foure, *I wiſh you all, that haue their Courages and Forwardneſſe, their noble Fates and Fortunes,*

Yours,

Thomas Heywood.

# Drammatis Perſonæ.

The olde Earle of *Bulloigne*.
His foure ſonne { *Godfrey*. *Guy*. *Charles*. *Euſtace*.
*Bella Franca* his daughter.
An Engliſh Captayne.
*Robert* of *Normandy*.
The French Kings daughter.
*Tancred* a Prince of *Italy*.
The Soldane of *Babylon*.
The Sophey of *Perſia*.
Turnus.
Moretes.
A Chorus, or Preſentor.
Mutes.
The French King.
The Bullenois.
Bandetti.
Iriſhmen.
Ambuſhes of Pagans.
The Clowne.

THE

# The Prologue.

1 VVHat meane you, my maisters, to appeare thus before your times? doe you not know that I am the Prologue? Do you not see this long blacke velvet cloake vpon my backe? Haue you not sounded thrice? Do I not looke pale, as fearing to be out in my speech? Nay, haue I not all the signes of a prologue about me? Then, to what end come you to interrupt me?

2 I haue a prologue to speake too.

3 And I another.

1 O superfluous, and more then euer I heard of! three prologues to one play!

2 Haue you not seene three ropes to sale one bell, three doores to one house, three wayes to one Towne?

1 I grant you: But I neuer heard of any that had three heads to one body, but Cerberus. But what doth your Prologue meane?

2 I come to excuse the name of the Play;

3 I the errours in the Play.

1 And I the Author that made the Play. Touching the name why is it called, True and Strange, or The foure Prentises of London? A Gentleman that heard the subiect discourst, sayd it was not possible [illegible] true; and none here are bound to beleeue it.

2 Tis true, that Alexander at thirty two yeares of age conquered the whole world, but strange he should do so. If we should not beleeue things Recorded in former ages, wee were

not

not worthy that succeeding times should believe things in these our Ages.

1 But what authority haue you for your History? I am one of those that wil believe nothing that is not in the Chronicle.

2 Our Authority is a Manuscript, a Booke writ in parchment; which not being publicke, nor generall in the World, we rather thought fit to exempt from the publicke censure, things concealed and obscur'd, such as are not common with euery one, than such Historicall Tales as euery one can tell by the fire in Winter. Had not yee rather, for nouelties sake see Ierusalem yee neuer saw, then London that yee see hourely? So much touching the name of our History.

1 You haue satisfied me; and, I hope, al that heare it. Now what haue you to speake concerning the errours in the play?

3 We acknowledge none: For the errours we could find, we would willing amend; but if these cleare-sighted Gentlemen with the eyes of their iudgments, looking exactly into vs finde any imperfections which are hid from our selues, our Request is, you would rather looke ouer them, then through them, not with a troubled eye, that makes one obiect to seeme two but with a fauourable eye, which hath power in it selfe to make many to seeme none at all.

1 Oh now I vnderstand you. Three Prologues to our Play? pardon me, we haue need of three hundred, me thinkes, and all little enough. But to end our beginning in a Word. Thus much by the patience of these Gentlemen.

Spectators, should you oppose your iudgements against vs where we are three, which some would thinke too many; were we three thousand, we thinke our selues too few. Our Author submits his Labours to you, as the Authors of all the content he hath within this Circumference.

But for your sakes, this only we dare say,

We promist you, and wee'le performe a Play

THE

# The foure Prentiſes OF LONDON.

## *Actus primus, Scœna prima.*

*Enter the old Earle of Buloigne, and his daughter* BELLA FRANCA.

EARLE.

DAughter, thou ſeeſt how Fortune turnes her wheele.
Wee that but late were mounted vp aloft,
Lul'd in the skirt of that inconſtant Dame,
Are now throwne head-long by her ruthleſſe hand,
To kiſſe that earth whereon our feete ſhould ſtand.
What cenſuring eye, that ſees mee this deiect,
Would take this ſhape to bee that famous Duke,
Which hath made *Boloigne* through the world renown'd,
And all our race with fame and honour crown'd?

*Bell.* But father how can you endure a ſlaue
To triumph in your fortunes; and heere ſtand
In ſoule deiect, and baniſht from your land?

*Earle.* I tell thee Girle. The French King, and my ſelfe,
Vpon ſome termes grew in a ſtrange debate,
And taking carefull vantage of the time,
Whilſt I with all my powers, in aide of *William*

The Norman Duke, now Engliſh Conquerour,
Was buſily emploi'd; hee ſeiz'd my right,
Planting another, and ſupplanting mee.
This is the ground of my extremitie.

*Bel.* If for King *Williams* ſake now Conquerour,
You loſt your birth-right and inheritance:
How comes it that hee ſees you in this ſtate,
And lifts not vp your fortunes ruinate?

*Earle.* A conquered Kingdome is not eaſily kept,
Hee hath ſo much adoe to guard his owne,
That mine is buried in oblivion;
And I am forc't to looſe the name of Earle,
And liue in *London* like a Cittizen.
My foure ſonnes are bound prentice to foure Trades.
*Godfrey* my eldeſt boy I haue made a *Mercer*;
*Guy* my next ſonne, enrol'd in *Gold-ſmithes* Trade;
My third ſonne *Charles* bound to an *Haberdaſher*;
Yong *Euſtace* is a *Grocer*: all high borne,
Yet of the Citty-trades they haue no ſcorne.
Thus bare neceſſity hath made me ſeeke
Some refuge, to ſuſtaine our pouerty.
And hauing plac't my ſonnes in ſuch a ſort,
The little wealth I haue left; I leaue to thee:
My ſelfe will trauaile to the holy Land;
And ere I lie within the earths cold womb,
Pay my deuoute vowes at my Sauiours Tombe.

*Bell.* Was that the cauſe you ſent for my foure brothers?

*Earle.* Their wiſhed ſight will cheere my aged heart:
And I will bleſſe them all before I part.

*Enter Godfrey, Guy, Charles, and Euſtace, like Apprentices.*

*Godf.* I wonder, brothers, why my father hath ſent for vs thus earely: that, all buſineſſe ſet apart, wee muſt meete together this morning.

*Guy.* I know not the reaſon. I had much adoe to get leaue of my Maiſter to be ſpared from my attendance in the Shop, and ſeruing

ſeruing of Cuſtomers.

*Cha.* 'Faith as ſoone as I heard but the meſſenger ſay, my father muſt ſpeake with mee: I left my Tankard to guard the Conduit; and away came I.

*Euſt.* I beſhrew him. I ſhould haue beene at breake-faſt with two or three good boyes this morning: but that match is diſappointed by this meeting.

*Bell.* See where my brothers are already come.

*Earle, Godfrey, Guy, Charles,* yong *Euſtace* all at once.
Diuide a fathers bleſſing in foure parts,
And ſhare my prayers amongſt you equally.
Firſt *Godfrey*, tell mee how thou lik'ſt thy Trade?
And knowing in thy thoughts what thou haſt been,
How canſt thou brooke to bee as thou art now?

*Godf.* Bound muſt obey: Since I haue vndertooke
To ſerue my Maiſter truely for ſeuen yeares,
My duty ſhall both anſwer that deſire,
And my old Maiſters profite euery way.
I prayſe that Citty which made Princes Tradeſ-men:
Where that man, noble or ignoble borne,
That would not practiſe ſome mechanicke skill,
Which might ſupport his ſtate in penury,
Should die the death; not ſuffer'd like a drone,
To ſucke the honey from the publicke Hiue.
I hold it no diſparage to my birth,
Though I be borne an Earle, to haue the skill
And the full knowledge of the *Mercers* Trade.
And were I now to be create a new,
It ſhould not grieue me to haue ſpent my time
The ſecrets of ſo rich a Trade to know,
By which aduantage and great profits grow.

*Ear.* Well haſt thou done to ouercome thy fate,
Making thy minde conformed to thy ſtate.
How likes my *Guy*, the *Gold-ſmiths* faculty.

*Guy.* As a good refuge in extremity.
Say I be borne a Prince, and be caſt downe
By ſome ſiniſter chance, or fortunes frowne:

Say I be baniſht: when I haue a Trade,
And in my ſelfe a meanes to purchaſe wealth,
Though my ſtate waſte, and towring honours fall,
That ſtill ſtayes with mee in the extream'ſt of all.

*Earle.* What ſayes my third ſonne *Charles?*

*Char.* if I ſhould ſay I would not brooke thoſe bonds,
Which Heauen and fate, and you haue tied me in:
You would be preaching diſobedience.
Or ſhould I ſay the Citty-trades are baſe
For ſuch a great mans ſonnes to take on them:
Your fatherly regard would ſtraight aduiſe mee
To chaſtiſe my rebellious thoughts; and ſay,
Sonne, you by this may liue another day.
Therefore, as my two brothers, I reply;
You aske mee if I like it; I ſay I.

*Earle* What ſayes my yongeſt boy?

*Euſt.* Father, I ſay, Hawking is a pretty ſport,
And Hunting is a Princely exerciſe;
To ride a great horſe, oh, tis admirable!

*Earle. Euſtace* I know it is: but to my queſtion.
How canſt thou brooke to be a Prentiſe, boy?

*Euſt.* Mee thinkes I could endure it for ſeuen yeares,
Did not my Maiſter keepe me in too much,
I cannot goe to breake-faſt in a morning
With my kinde mates and fellow-Prentiſes,
But he cries *Euſtace*, one bid *Euſtace* come:
And my name *Euſtace* is in euery roome.
If I might once a weeke but ſee a Tilting,
Sixe dayes I would fall vnto my buſineſſe cloſe,
And ere the weekes end winne that idle day:
Hee will not let mee ſee a muſtering,
Nor on a May-day morning fetch in May:
I am no ſooner got into the Fencen-ſchoole,
To play a venew with ſome friend I bring;
But *Euſtace, Euſtace*, all the ſtreete mſt ring;
Hee will allow me not one howre for ſport:
I muſt not ſtrike a foote-ball in the ſtreete.

But

But hee will frowne: not view the dancing-ſchoole,
But hee will miſſe me ſtraight: not ſuffer mee
So much as take vp cudgels in the ſtreete,
But hee will chide: I muſt not go to buffets;
No, though I bee prouoked; that's the hell,
Were't not for this, I could endure it well.
*Earle.* Sonnes, yee muſt all forget your birth and honours,
And looke into the times neceſſity.
I know yee are perſwaded: Thinke not, ſonnes, the names of
Prentice can diſparage you.
For howſoeuer of you eſteem'd they bee,
Euen Kings themſelues haue of theſe Trades beene free.
I made a vow to ſee the holy Land,
And in the ſame my Sauiours Sepulcher.
Hauing ſo well diſpos'd you; I will now
Firſt bleſſe you Boyes, and then performe my vow.
*Godf.* With much ado, do I containe my ſpirit
Within theſe bands, that haue inclos'd me round.
Though now this caſe the noble Sunne doth ſhroud;
Time ſhall behold that Sunne breake through this clowd.
*Guy.* My *Genius* bids my ſoule haue patience,
And ſayes I ſhall not be a Prentiſe long.
I ſcorne it not: but yet my ſpirits aime,
To haue this hand catch at the Crowne of Fame.
*Char.* An *Haberdaſher* is the Trade I vſe:
But the ſoft wool feeles in my hand like ſteele:
And I could wiſh each hat comes through my hand
Were turn'd into an Helmet, and each Helmet
Vpon a Souldiers head, for me to leade.
Warre is the walke which I deſire to tread.
*Euſt.* I am a *Grocer*: Yet had rather ſee
A faire guilt ſword hung in a veluet ſheath,
Then the beſt Barbary ſugar in the world;
Were it a freight of price ineſtimable.
I haue a kinde of prompting in my braine,
That ſayes; Though I be bound to a ſweete Trade,
I muſt forgoe it, I keepe too much in.

I would faſt from meate and drinke a Summers day,
To ſee ſwords claſh, or view a deſperate fray.

*Earle.* Bridle theſe humours ſomes, expell them cleane,
And your high Spirits within your breaſts containe:
Whilſt I my tedious Pilgrimage prepare,
To ſpend my age in pouerty and prayer.
My firſt-borne, firſt fare-well; my ſecond next:
*Charles, Euſtace*, Daughter: Heere my bleſſings ſtay,
Your wiſhes beare mee on my ſacred way. *Exit.*

*Godf.* Euen to the place you trauaile, there to aſcend
With thoſe deuoute prayers you to heauen commend.
Brothers, ſince wee are now as ſtrangers here,
Yet by our fathers prouident care ſo plac'd,
That we may liue ſecure from penury:
So let vs pleaſe our Maiſters by our care,
That we our ruin'd fortunes may repaire.

*Guy.* Brother, if I knew where to go to warre,
I would not ſtay in *London* one houre longer.

*Char.* An houre! By heauen I would not ſtay a minute.

*Euſt.* A minute, not a moment. Would you put a moment
Into a thouſand parts, the thouſandth part
Would not I linger, might I goe to warre.
Why, I would preſently runne from my Maiſter,
Did I but heare where were a Drumme to follow.

*Bell.* would you ſo brother?

*Euſt.* I good faith, ſweete Siſter,
I would ſhew him as fine a paire of heeles, as light and nimble,
as any the neateſt cork ſhoe in all the Towne turnes vp: I
would i' faith. *Bell.* And leaue me here alone?

*Guy.* Alone? why ſiſter,
Can you be left alone 'mongſt multitudes?
*London* is full of people euery where.

*God.* Well, leaue this ieſting: wee forget our ſelues;
Siſter, weele haue you to our fathers houſe,
T'enioy the ſmall poſſeſſions left you there:
Returne we to our Maiſters and our charge,
Leſt ſeeking this our loytering to excuſe,

With

With forg'd inuentions wee their eares abuſe.

*Sound a Drumme within ſoftly.*

I heare a Drumme. I haue as much power to ſit,
Sort out my wares, and ſcribble on a Shop-board,
When I but heare the muſicke of a Drumme,
As to abſtaine from meate when I am hungry.
I'le know what newes before I ſtirre a foote.

*Char.* By heauen I am enamoured of this tune,
'Tis the beſt Muſicke in the world to mee.

*Euſt.* My legs are marching ſtreight when I but heare it.
*Ran, tan, tan*: Oh I could lead a Drumme
With a good grace, if I but ſaw behind mee
And hundred ſouldiers follow in euen rankes.
Had I but here a band of men to lead,
Methinkes I could do wonders: Oh 'tis braue
To be a Captaine, and command to haue.

*Enter after a Drumme, a Captaine with a Proclamation.*

*Cap.* All Commanders, Captaines, Liefetenants, Gentlemen of Companies, Sergeants, Corporals, or common Souldiers whatſoeuer, that wil accompany to the holy warres at *Hieruſalem*, *Robert* Duke of *Normandy* the Kings ſon: they ſhall haue pay and place, according to their deſerts. And ſo God ſaue King *William* Surnamed the *Conquerour*.

*Exit Drumme and Captaine.*

*Euſt.* *Ran, tan, tan.* Now by S. *George*, he tell vs gallant Newes: I'le home no more; I'le runne away to night.

*Guy.* If I caſt Bole, or Spoone, or Salt againe,
Before I haue beheld *Hieruſalem*,
Let mee turne Pagan. *Char.* Hats and Caps adiew:
For I muſt leaue you, if the Drumme ſay true.

*Godf.* Nay then haue with you brothers; for my ſpirit
With as much vigour hath burſt forth as thine,
And can as hardly be reſtrain'd as yours.
Giue me your hands I will conſort you too:
Let's try what *London* Prentiſes can doe.

*Euſt.* For my Trades ſake, if good ſucceſſe I haue,

The

The *Grocers* Armes ſhall in my Enſigne waue,
*Guy.* And if my valour bring mee to command,
The *Goldſmithes* Armes ſhall in my colours ſtand.
*Godf.* So of vs all; then let vs in one Fleete
Lanch all together: and as wee are brothers,
So let vs enter zealous amity,
And ſtill preuaile by our vnited ſtrength.
Iknow our hearts are one; ſiſter Fare-well.
Truſt mee in vaine you ſhould perſwade our ſtay:
For wee are bent, conſort vs with your prayers.
*All.* Farewell. *Bell.* Farewell. *Godf.* God.
*Guy.* Heauen. *Char.* Fate. *Euſt.* Fortune.
*Godf.* Make vs happy men. To win. *Guy.* Weare.
*Char.* Vanquiſh. *Euſt.* Ouercome. *Exeunt.*
*Bell.* Amen.
Haue you all left mee midſt a world of ſtrangers,
Here onely to my ſelfe: not to protect me,
Or to defend me from apparant wrong?
Since it is ſo, I'le follow after you:
In ſome diſguiſe I will purſue their ſteps,
And vnto Heauen and fortune yeeld my ſelfe.
Toward ſea they are gone, and vnto ſea muſt I,
A Virgines vnexpected fate to try. *Exit.*

*Enter marching Robert of Normandy, the Captaine, the foure brethren, Drumme, and Souldiers.*

*Enter the Preſenter.*

*Pre.* Thus haue you ſeene theſe brothers ſhipt to Sea,
Bound on their voyage to the holy Land,
All bent to try their fortunes in one Barke.
Now to auoide all dilatory newes,
Which might with-hold you from the Stories pith,
And ſubſtance of the matter wee intend:
I muſt entreat your patience to forbeare,
Whiſt we do feaſt your eye, and ſtarue your eare.
For in dumbe ſhews, which were they writ at large
Would aske a long and tedious circumſtance:

Their

Their infant fortunes I will ſoone expreſſe,
And from the truth in no one point digreſſe.
Yee haue ſeene the father of theſe foure faire ſons,
Already gone his wearyd pilgrimage:
*Godfrey*, *Guy*, *Charles*, and *Euſtace*, preſt to ſee
To follow *Robert* Duke of Normandy.
Imagine now yee ſee the aire made thicke
With ſtormy tempeſts, that diſturbe the Maine,
And the foure windes at warre among themſelues:
And the weake Barkes wherein the brothers ſaile,
Split on ſtrange rockes, and they enforc't to ſwim;
To ſaue their deſperate liues: where what befell them
Diſperſt to ſeuerall corners of the world,
We will make bold to explaine it in dumbe Show:
For from their fortunes all our Scene muſt grow.

*Enter with a Drum on one ſide certaine Spaniards, on the other ſide certaine Citizens of Bullen: the Spaniards inſult vpo thē, and make them do them homage; to the Citizens enter* GODFREY, *as newly landed & halfe naked, conferres with the Citizens, & by his inſtigation they ſet vpon the Spaniards, & beate them away, they come to honour him, and he diſcloſeth himſelfe vnto them; which done, they Crowne him, and accept him for their Prince: and ſo Exeunt.*

Thoſe Cittizens you ſee were *Bullonoyes*,
Kept vnder bondage of that tyrannous Earle,
To whom the French King gaue that ancient ſeate,
Which to the wronged Pilgrim did belong.
But in the height of his ambition,
*Godfrey*, by Shipwracke throwne vpon that Coaſt,
Stirres vp th'oppreſſed Citty to reuoult:
And by his valour was th'vſurper ſlaine;
The Citty from baſe bondage free'd againe.
The men of *Bulloigne*, wondring what ſtrong hand
Had beene the meanes of their deliuerance,
Beſought him to make knowne his birth and ſtate:
Which *Godfrey* did. The people, glad to ſee

Their naturall Prince procure their liberty,
Homage to him, create him Earle of *Bulloigne*;
And repoſſeſſe him in his fathers ſeate.
Where we will leaue him hauing honour wonne;
And now reurne vnto the ſecond ſonne.

*Enter the King of France, and his daughter walking: to the* Guy *all wet. The Lady entreateth her father for his entertainment: which is granted; & rich cloaths are put about him: & ſic Exeunt.*

As the French King did with his daughter walke
By the Sea-ſide: from farre they might eſpy
One on a rafter floate vpon the waues,
Who as he drew more neere vnto the ſhore,
They might diſcerne a man, though baſely clad,
Yet ſparkes of honour kindled in his eyes.
Him at firſt ſight the beauteous Lady loues;
And prayes her father to receiue him home:
To which the King accords; and in his Court
Makes him a great and ſpeciall Officer.
There leaue we *Guy* a gallant Courtier prou'd,
And of the beauteous Lady well belou'd.

*Enter Bandetto's, with the Earle priſoner:* Exeunt *ſome of them with him to priſon: Enter* CHARLES *all wet with his ſword; fights with the reſt, and kils their Captaine: They yeeld and offer to make him their Captaine, to which hee agrees:* & ſic exeunt omnes.

*Charles* the third ſonne, is by the winds and waues
Borne on a Plancke as farre as *Italy*,
And lands iuſt at a lofty Mountaines foote:
Vpon whoſe top a many out-law'd Theeues,
*Bandetti, Brauoes*, ſuch as keepe in Caues,
Made their aboad. This crue aſſailes yong *Charles*:
Who in the bickering ſtrikes their Captaine dead.
They wondring at his valour, and being now
Without a Leader, humbly ſeeke him
To be their Chieftaine, and command their ſtrength;
Which at their earneſt ſuite hee vndertakes.

Wee leaue him there, thinking his brothers Drown'd,
Nor knowing yet his father there lyes bound.

*Enter a Coarſe, after it Iriſhmen mourning, in a dead March: To them enters* Euſtace, *and talkes with the chiefe Mourner, who makes ſignes of conſent, after buriall of the Coarſe, and ſo Exeunt.*

*Euſtace*, the yongeſt of the foure, was caſt
Vpon the coaſt of *Ireland*: and from thence
Hee comes to trauaile to *Hieruſalem*,
Suppoſing his three brethren drown'd by Sea.
Thus haue you ſeene theſe foure, that were but now
All in one Fleete, a many thouſand Leagues
Seuer'd from one another: *Guy* in *France*,
*Godfrey* in *Bulloigne*, *Charles* in *Italy*,
*Euſtace* in *Ireland* 'mongſt the *Iriſh* kernes.
Yet Gentlemen, the ſelfe ſame winde and fortune
That parted them, may bring them once to meete;
Their ſiſter followes them with zealous loue:
Be patient, yee will wonder when they meete,
Foure *London* Prentiſes will ere they Die,
Aduance their towring fame aboue the skye;
And winne ſuch glorious praiſe as neuer fades
Vnto themſelues and honour of their trades:
Grant them your wonted patience to proceede,
And their keene ſwords ſhall make the Pagans bleede. *Exit*

*Enter* Guy, *and the Lady of* France.

*Lady.* Fie ſtranger, can a skinne ſo white and ſoft
Couer an heart obdurate, hard as flint?
Since I firſt ſaw thee floating on the Waues,
The fire of loue flew from your radiant eye,
Which like a Sunne-beame pierc'd vnto my heart.

*Guy.* Sweete Lady, all my powers I owe to you:
For by your fauour I aſcend this height,
Which ſeates mee in the fauour of a Prince.
A Prince, that did hee know me, in the ſtead *priuately to himſelfe.*
Of doing me honour, would cut off my head:

Hee did exile my Father : caſt mee downe;
And ſpurd with enuious hate, diſtreſt vs all :
Since fortune then, and the deuouring Seas,
Haue rob'd mee of my brothers, and none left,
Of all my fathers ſonnes aliue but I :
Take this aduantage, and bee ſecret, *Guy:*
Meete this occaſion, and conclude with fate,
To rayſe againe thy fathers ruin'd ſtate.
*Lady.* Fie niggard, can you ſpend ſuch precious breath,
Speake to your ſelfe ſo many words apart;
And keepe their ſound from my attentiue eare,
Which ſaue your words no muſicke loues to heare?
*Guy.* What would you haue mee ſay?
*Lady.* Would I might teach thee!
Oh that I had the guidance of thy tongue! *priuate.*
But what would that auaile thee fooliſh Girle?
Small hope in thoſe inſtructions I ſhould finde,
To rule your tongue, if not to guide your minde.
*Guy.* My tongue, my thoughts, my heart, my hand, my ſword
Are all your ſeruants, who hath done you wrong?
*Lady.* I doubt not of your valour. But reſolue mee
And tell me one thing truely I ſhall aske you.
*Guy.* Bee't not my birth, no queſtion I'le deny:
Doubt not my truth for honour ſcornes to lye.
*Lady.* I doe beleeue you : faire Knight do you loue?
*Guy.* To ride a horſe as well as any man :
To make him mount, curuet, to leape, and ſpring :
To chide the bit, to gallop, trot the ring.
*Lady.* I did not aske you if you loue to ride?
Something I meane ; which though my tong deny,
Looke on me, you may reade it in mine eye.
But doe you loue?
*Guy.* To march, to plant a battle, lead an Hoaſt,
To bee a ſouldier and to goe to Warre,
To talke of Flankes, of Wings, of ſkonces, holds,
To ſee a ſally, or to giue a Charge,
To leade a Vaward, Rereward, or maine Hoaſt:

By

By heauen I loue it as mine owne deere life.

*Lady.* I know all this; your words are but delaies:
Could you not loue a Lady that loues you?
Tis hard when women are enforc'd to wooe. *Priuate.*

*Guy.* Where is my man to bring me certaine newes,
The Kings Commiſſion ſends me to the warres:
The villaine loyters in my buſineſſe.

*Lady.* All this is from the matter gentle Knight:
The Kings Commiſſion may be ſign'd at leaſure.
What ſay you to my queſtion?

*Guy.* You would haue me tell you true.

*Lady.* Eyther ſpeake true, or do not ſpeake at all.

*Guy.* Then as I am true Knight I honour you,
And to your ſeruice will eſpouſe my ſword.
I wiſh you as I wiſh the glorious Sunne,
That it may euer ſhine: without whoſe luſtre
Perpetuall darkeneſſe ſhould o're-ſhade the earth:
But tell me Lady, what you meane by loue.

*Lady.* To loue a Lady, is with heart entire,
To make her Miſtreſſe of his whole deſire:
To ſigh for her, and for her loue to weepe;
As his owne heart her precious fauours keepe:
Neuer bee from her, in her boſome dwell;
To make her preſence Heauen, her abſence Hell:
Write Sonnets in her prayſe, admire her beauty:
Attend her, ſerue her, count his ſeruice duty:
Make her the ſole commandreſſe of his powers,
And in the ſearch of Loue, looſe all his howres.

*Guy.* Tis pretty for ſome foole that could endure it:
How neere am I vnto this loue, ſweete Lady?
I loue to mount a Steed, whoſe heauy trot
Crackes all my ſinewes, makes my Armour craſh:
I loue to march vp to the necke in Snow:
To make my pillow of a cake of ice,
That in the morning, when I ſtretch my limbes,
My haire hangs thicke with dropping iſicles,
And my bright armes be frozen to the earth:

I loue to ſee my face beſmear'd in blood:
To haue a gaping Wound vpon my fleſh,
Whoſe very mouth would make a Lady ſound:
I loue no chamber-muſicke, but a Drumme,
To giue mee hunts-vp. Could your Grace endure
To lye all night within a ſheete of maile,
By a drawne ſword that parts not from my ſide,
Embrace a body full of Wounds and skarres,
And heare no language but of blood and Warres?
Such is my life, ſuch may my honour prooue:
Make warre a Lady, I that Lady loue.

*Lady.* Fie, fie, you run quite from the Byas cleane,
To loue that deerely, which wee hate ſo deadly:
If loue and I be one, you hate vs both.

*Guy.* Then can I loue no Lady by my troth:
Madame fare-well: for vnder my command
The King your father ſends ten thouſand men,
To winne the holy Towne *Hieruſalem*.
Thither muſt I, eſteeming your high honour
Like a bright Comet and vnmatched Starre,
But loue no woman in the World, ſaue War. *Exit.*

*Lady.* Go flint, ſtrike fire vpon thy enemies ſteele,
Whilſt I deſcend one ſtep from fortunes wheele:
Thou goeſt before, loue bids me follow after:
By thee, the King thy Lord muſt looſe his Daughter. *Exit.*

*Enter* Charles *like an Out-law, with Bandettoes and Theeues, and with the Clowne.*

*Char.* Theeues, and good fellows, ſpeak what ſhould I call you?
There's not a rogue among you that feares Heauen,
Nor one that hath a touch of honeſty.
Robbers, and Knaues and raſcals all together,
Sweete conſort of vild Villaines, liſt to me.
Am not I well preferr'd to become Captaine
Vnto a crew of ſuch pernicious ſlaues?
I ſhall haue ſuch a coyle to make you Chriſtians,
And bring you to ſome ſhape of honeſty,

That

that ere I do it, I ſhall make your bodies
Nothing but ſcarre-crowes, to hang round theſe Trees.

*Clowne.* Braue Captaine courragious whom death cannot daunt; wee haue beene all Gentlemen and Houſe-holders; But I was baniſht for nothing but getting of Baſtards, but this fellow fled from *Venice*, for killing a man cowardly on the *Rialto*; ſome for one villany, and ſome for another. Our Captaine that you killed, and now ſupply his place, poiſoned a worthy Marchant in the Citty with ratſ-bane; and flying hither, for his valour we made him our Generall. But now braue *Canallero*, to thee alone wee ſing *Hononero*.

*Char.* Well, I muſt haue you now turne honeſt Theeues:
Hee that commits a rape, ſhall ſure be hang'd:
Hee that commits a murder, ſhall be murdered
With the ſame weapon that did act the deed.
Hee that robbes pilgrimes, or poore Trauellours,
That for deuotions ſake do paſſe theſe Mountaines,
Hee ſhall bee naked tyed to armes of Trees,
And in the dayes heate ſtung with Waſpes and Bees.
Yee ſlaues, I'le teach you ſome ciuility.

*Clowne.* Captaine, what ſhall hee be done withall, that lies with a wench with her will, if hee be hung that lies with one againſt her will. *Char.* I'le haue him whipt.

*Clowne.* See, ſee, I thinke the Captaine hath beene a Cooke in his time, he can fit ſweete meate with ſowre ſauce. But what a foole is our Captaine, to preſcribe Lawes to Out-lawes? If we would haue kept the Lawes before in the City, wee needed not to haue beene driuen now to leade our liues in the Country. But Captaine, ſince you are our Captaine, we will reſigne vnto you all our treaſures and priſoners, and our ſpoiles. Take poſſeſſion of them in *Ioues* name, that came to vs in the deuils name.

*Cha.* Your priſoners, ſpoiles, and treaſure all bring forth,
That I may ſeize them as mine owne by right;
As heire to him whom I haue ſlaine in fight.

*Enter the Theeues bringing in the old Earle bound.*

*Earle.* Villaines I know you drag me to my death:

And

And yee ſhall do me an exceeding pleaſure.

*Char.* I am deceiu'd but I haue ſeene that face.

*Vill.* Come, come you old gray-beard, you muſt before our Captaine: if hee ſay *Viue* then liue; if not, thou dieſt if thou wert his father.

*Char.* Villaine, thou lieſt if thou wert my brother:
He ſhall not die. Vpon your low knees fall,
And aske him pardon, or I'le hang you all.

*Ear.* Tweene ioy and feare amaz'd in heart I ſtand:
Doth my ſonne *Charles* lead this vnruly band.

*Char.* Your onely ſonne, and all the ſonnes you haue,
And borne his fathers deſperate life to ſaue.

*Ear.* How camſt thou here? why doſt thou call thy ſelfe
My onely ſonne? hauing three brothers more,
Which vnto me thy beauteous more bore,

*Char.* Once we were foure, all fellow-prentiſes;
And after fellow-ſouldiers, preſt to ſerue
The good Duke *Robert* in his holy warres.
But in a ſtorme, our ſhips ſo brauely man'd,
Were wrack't; and ſaue my ſelfe none ſwamme to land.
They periſht there: I by the waues and winds
Was driuen vpon this Coaſt of *Italy*,
Where landing naked, ſaue my truſty ſword,
This crue of old *Bandetto's* ſet vpon me:
But in the dangerous fight, by chance I ſlue
The luckleſſe Captaine of this damned crue:
Who ſince haue made me Captaine, here to ſtay,
Till fortune grant me a more proſperous way.

*Earle.* Mine eies haue vow'd to die the ſelfe ſame death
My ſonnes haue done: ſonne let me weepe a while,
To bring the like deſtruction to my eyne;
Theſe in ſalt teares; they in a ſea of brine.

*Clowne.* Is this our Captaines father? what villaines were we to vſe him ſo roughly?

*Vill.* If the old fornicator had but told vs ſo much, wee ſhould haue had the grace, either to haue ſet him free, or fortune to haue vſde him more gently.

*Char.*

*Char.* Since father we haue met this happy day,
Secure with me amongſt theſe Out-lawes ſtay.
*Earle.* Not for the world, ſince I haue loſt my ſons,
All outward ioyes are from my heart remoou'd:
Vaine pleaſures I abhorre, all things defie,
That teach not to deſpaire, or how to dye,
Yet ere I leaue the World, I vow to ſee,
His holy bleſſed tombe that died for mee.
*Cha.* Then take along with you this bag of gold,
To beare your charge in euery Inne you come:
Deny it not, reliefe is comfortable.
*Earle.* Thanks my deere ſon, expence it wil defray,
And ſerue to deale to poore men by the way:
And now fare-well ſweet *Charles*, thou all my ſonnes,
For now the laſt ſand in my houre-glaſſe runnes.
*Cha.* Yee two conduct him ſafe beyond the mountains.
*Vill.* Shall I be one? *Clo.* And I another?
*Cha.* Yee know the paſſages, bee it your charge.
*Vill.* I am glad the ſilly man is weake and old:
By heauen my fingers tickle at his gold.
*Clo.* Olde man is your purſe afloate?
I haue vow'd to cut his throate,
But to haue it euery groate. *Exeunt.*
*Cha.* And now returne wee to ſuruey our Caue,
Peruſe our treaſure got by rape and ſpoyle,
Though wonne by others, yet poſſeſt by vs:
Yet henceforth ſhall bee vſde no violence:
I'le make theſe villaines worke in ſeuerall trades,
And in theſe Forreſts make a Common-wealth.
When them to ciuil nurture I can bring,
They ſhal proclaim me of theſe mountains King. *Exe.*

*Enter* Euſtace *and his Iriſhman.*

*Euſt.* I thinke theſe vpright craggy mountaine tops,
Are (if the truth were knowne) high way to heauen:
For it is ſtreight and narrow, and ſome places
Are for the ſteepneſſe, inacceſſible.
Faire fall a rafter, and a gale of Winde,

Or I had gone to Heauen away by Water
Neerer then this by Land; that way they found,
Who in the ſalt remorſeleſſe ſeas were drown'd,
My brothers, whom I dreame on when I ſleepe,
And my eyes waking at their fortunes Weepe.
Forgetting them, the friendly *Iriſh* coaſt
Gaue me ſafe harbor; thence I haue trauail'd hither
Euen to theſe lofty hils of *Italy*,
After Prince *Robert* Duke of *Normandy*.
'Tis ſafer ſitting in my maiſters ſhop,
Crying what lacke you, then 'tis here to ſtay,
To Wolues and wilde beaſts to be made a prey.

*Iriſh.* Maiſter, ſo Criſt me ſaue, I ſhal waite on thee, wake for thee when thou ſleepeſt, runne for thee when thou biddeſt, and flye a thy errands, like a narrow from a bow, when thou wanteſt Wine, or meate, to drinke or eate, or any other neceſſary prouiſion:
Now I haue left my beſt friend in the graue,
My friendſhip and my ſeruice you ſhall haue.

*Euſt.* Wel, fortune hath preſeru'd me to ſome end:
It is for ſome thing, that I did not ſinke,
When the ſalt waues my mouth and eares did drinke:
I might haue fed the Haddockes; but ſome power,
Is my good maiſter, and preſerues me ſtil:
Wel, ſword in all my troubles ſtand me by,
Thou art bound to winne me ſomewhat ere I dye.

*Enter the* Clowne *and the Villaine, dragging the old Earle violently, and rifling him.*

*Clowne.* Giue vs the gold my Captaine gaue you, you olde Anatomy.

*Vill.* Gray-beard deliuer, or you are but Dead.

*Ear.* Take it my friends, ful little needes this ſtrife,
Firſt take the gold, and after take my life.

*Clo.* Nay you old iack a Lent, ſixe weeks and vpwards, though you be our Captaines father, you cannot ſtay there, and for ſurety that you ſhal not go backe, and tel him what we haue done to you, we'le kill you, and fling you into ſome cole-pit.

*Vill.* Content, and when wee haue done, wee wil returne him Word we haue conducted thee paſt al danger of the mountaines: And now prepare thee for the fatal ſtroke.

*Earle.* Thou doeſt mee a great kindneſſe, let it come:
Heauen take my ſoule, now when thou wilt ſtrike home.

*Euſt.* Hee ſtrikes his owne ſoule downe to *Erebus*,
That lifts a ſword that ſhal but touch his haire.

*Iriſh.* And by Saint *Patricke* i'le make him garter his hoſe with his guts, that ſtrikes any ſtroake heere.

*Clow.* Whom haue wee heere? a Gentleman and his Water-ſpaniel? Let's rob them too, and after kil the gray-beard.

*Vil.* Content, content. Sirra ſtand.

*Euſt.* Yes I will ſtand, baſe Wretch, when thou ſhalt fall:
And ſtrike thee Dead, and tramping on thy bulke
By ſtamping with my foote cruſh out thy ſoule:
Take that you ſlaue, for bidding *Euſtace* ſtand.

*He beates them both away.*

Now father go in peace. *Ear.* I thankes my faire ſon,
By whoſe ſtout valour I haue freedome wonne:
I can beſtow vpon you nought but thankes,
Vnleſſe you wil diuide this gold with me.

*Euſt.* No, father, keepe it; thou art olde and poore:
But when I want, my ſword thal purchaſe more.

*apart.*

*Ear.* By vewing him my former griefes abound, *to himſelf.*
Euen ſuch a one was *Euſtace*, that was Drown'd:
Which had he liu'd, his ſtature, yeares, and all,
Would haue reſembled his, ſo ſtreight, ſo tall,
So faire, ſo ſtrong, of ſuch a worthy ſpirit;
But his bleſt ſoule, by this, doth Heauen inherit:
Griefe for his Death ſo neere my heart doth Dwel,
That for my life I cannot ſay fare-well.

*Exit.*

*Euſt.* The Captains father, whom the ſlaues had kil'd
Had not our comming interuented them,
Reſembles mine in geſture, face, and looke:
But the olde Earle my father is by this
Within the Wals of faire *Ieruſalem*:
Elſe had I ſurely tooke this aged man

T'haue askt him bleſſing. But what next enſues?
I finde theſe Mountaines will be full of newes.

*Enter* Charles, Clowne, *Villaine, and the crew.*

*Clow.* Captaine, a prize! wee two were aſſailed by two hundred, and of them two hundred, we kild all but theſe two: theſe are the remainder of them that are left aliue.

*Char.* Goe two or three of you, and fetch them in:
If they reſiſt you, take their Weapons from them.

*Clo.* I had rather ſome body elſe ſhould attempt them then I now: But ſince there is no other remedy, giue me three or foure of the ſtouteſt of our crew, and then *Ione* and St. *Anthony*.

*Euſt.* More theeues and villaines haue begirt vs round;
Now *Euſtace*, for the honour of thy name,
Returne them to their Captaine backe with ſhame.

*He ſets vpon them all, and beates them.*

*Char.* Now by mine honor, the beſt peece of fleſh
That euer in theſe Woods he'd Out-law play:
Euen ſuch a ſpirit had *Euſtace* when he liu'd:
We muſt not looſe this Gallant, if we can,
Wee'le ſtriue to make him our companion.

*Euſt.* Yee ſlaues, Ile beate you all into a mouſe-hole:
And like a baited Lyon at a ſtake,
Kill all the curres that come but neere to bite:
Yee Guls, haue yee no better men amongſt you?
Defie your Captaine from me: here I ſtand,
To dare him to a combat hand to hand.

*Char.* I were a Baſtard, not my fathers ſonne
Should I refuſe it.

*Euſt.* By all the Land I haue left me in the World,
That's but my graue: Captaine thou honoreſt me.

*Char.* By all the wealth I brought into theſe woods,
That's but my ſword, thou doſt the like to me:
Thou ſhalt haue faire play, Gallant, by mine honour.

*Euſt.* False was my mother to my fathers bed,
If I ſhould aske more oddes of *Hercules*.

*Char.* He dies vpon my ſword, diſturbes our fray,

Or

Or in the fight dares diſaduantage thee.
*Eu.* Were I the worlds-commanding *Alexander*,
I would make thee my *Epheſtion* for that Word:
I loue thee for thy valour, Captaine thiefe.
*Char.* 'Tis that preſerues thee from our violence,
An honour'd minde lies in this Out-lawes ſhape,
So much I reckon of thy chiualry,
That wert thou maiſter of an *Indian* Mine,
Thou ſhould'ſt not be diminiſht one denier:
Securely fight, thy purſe is ſanctuary'd,
And in this place ſhall beard the proudeſt thiefe.
*Euſt.* An honor'd minded villaine, by my ſword,
A right good fellow, and an honeſt thiefe:
If I ſhould haue thee proſtrate at my mercy,
I will not kill thee for thy liberal offer:
Yet winne it Lad, and take it without faile,
I ſcorne to haue my purſe go vnder baile.
*Cha.* He goes beyond me in heroicke thoughts;
To thine I ſtake downe this: ſtand all apart.
He that ſteps in, be ſubiect to our curſes,
And now the better man take both the purſes.
*Euſt.* It is a match, Ile ſeize them to thy griefe;
Now True man try, if thou canſt rob a Thiefe.

*They fight, as they are fighting, enter* Bella Franca, *purſued by an Out-law, ſhe runs betwixt them and parts them.*

*Bell.* If yee were borne of women, aide a woman.
*Char.* Why what's the matter?
*Bel.* Oh turne the edges of your ſwords 'gainſt him,
That in the Forreſt would haue vaniſht me.
*Cha.* Ceaſe thy purſuite, and ſtranger pauſe a while,
To heare the tenour of this Ladies plaint.
*Euſt.* Why then Kings truce. But let the purſes lye;
They'le fal to my aduantage by and by.
*Cha.* Now tel me Lady, what's your ſuite to me?
*Bell.* To ſaue my Life from foule inchaſtity;

For passing by these Countries on my Way,
To pay my zealous vowes in *Golgotha*,
Attended onely by a little Page:
This Villaine with a crew of ruffian Theeues,
Seiz'd that we had, first haled my Page from me:
And after would haue Wrackt my chastity:
But being swift of foote, feare lent me Wings,
Hither (I hope in happy time) to flye,
Eyther to saue mine honour, or to Die.

*Char.* Thy honour and thy life are both secur'd:
And for a Ladies sake you much resemble,
Command my sword, my subiects, and my caue:
Where succour, all offenceless, you shal haue:
Sirra go you, and scoure about the hill.

*Clowne.* I goe.

*Bell.* How like is he to *Charles* by shipwracke dead!
And he to *Eustace* perisht in the Waues!
But they are both immortal Saints in Heauen:
Yet I am glad because their shapes are theirs:
My happy comming hath tane vp their striffe,
Preseruing mine owne honour and my life.

*Eust.* So blusht my sister, and this Out-law thiefe
Hath a resemblance to my brother *Charles*:
But she in *London* liues a Virgine pure:
He's in some huge Whales belly too too sure.

*Char.* A pretty Wench yfaith, Ile marry her,
And make her Queene of all this Out-law crew.

*Eust* I am halfe in loue already, at first sight:
How will this raging flame increase by night?

*Ch.* Faire beauteous maide, resigne your loue to me:
Mistresse of all these Forrests you shalbe.

*Eust.* Loue me, I'le kisse away these teares of griefe:
Sweet Wench embrace a True-man, scorne a Thiefe.

*Char.* How now sir sauce! You are as bold me thinks,
As if you were a free-man of our Trade:
None but my selfe plead interest in this maide.

*Eust.* My interest is as much, in this 'tis greater,

Because

Becauſe that of the two, I loue her better.

*Char.* Proud paſſenger, I'le make thee eate that VVord.

*Euſt.* If I eare aire, thou ſhalt digeſt my ſword.

*Cha.* Reuine this quarrel, let the former die.
Fight we for her, and let the purſes lie.

*Euſt.* Out-law, I rather loue to fight, then brall:
I'le win from thee thy Weneh, thy purſe, and all.

*Bell.* Stay Gentlemen. *She ſteps betweene them.*

*Euſt.* By Heauen, I ſcorne to ſtay,
Til both the purſes I haue tane away.

*Char.* My ſword for me, my miſtreſſe, and my gold:
My reſolution ſhal my claime vphold.

*Enter the* Clowne *running betwixt them.*

*Clowne.* What doe you meane Gentlemen to fight amohg your ſelues, that ſhould be friends, and had more need to take one anothers part, to fight againſt your enemies. VVe ſhall all be ſlaine, kil'd, murdered, Maſſacred. For my owne part, if I had nine liues like a Cat; they were all ſure to dye one Dogges death.

*Char.* Why? VVhat's the matter fellow?

*Clowne.* Oh noble Captaine, we ſhal all be ſlaine. *Tankard* a Prince of *Italy*, with an Army hath beſet the foote of the Mountaines, and hath Vow'd to make Veniſon of all vs poore Out-Lawes, and kil vs like Deere. Fare-wel, I'le go ſhift for one.

*Char.* Deere we wil be too him, before he do it,
And deerely ſel our deſperate kareaſſes.
Kind ſtranger wilt thou take a Truce with me,
Thou ſhalt diuide with me my dignity:
VVe two wil ioyntly ore theſe mountaines raigne,
And by our valours, our eſtates maintaine.

*Euſt.* Becauſe I heare thy Life in ieopardy,
And thou haſt dealt with me ſo honourably:
Receiue my hand; now I am wholy thine.
And yee mad rogues, I am halfe your Captaine now:
Looke when yee ſeeme nod, yee couch and kneele,
Make legs, and cringes, and keep bare your Crownes.

*Clowne.*

*Clo.* 'Tis hard to teach them manners that are Clownes.
But for my owne part, here's a legge, here's a cap, here's a knee,
All these sweete halfe Captaine, I reserue for thee.

*Eust.* Speake, doe you all accept me?

*Omnes.* Wee do, wee doe.

*Eust.* Then brother thiefe, I am turn'd Out-law too,
But to doe no man wrong, I make that Law,
Onely to passe this tedious Summer heere,
Till wee our downe-cast fortunes may vp-reare.

*Cha.* You share with me in loue, in minde, in all. *Soft march*
But hearke, I heare our enemies Drummes doe brawle.

*Eust.* Their voice is welcome: oh that I had with mee
As many good lads, honest Prentises, *Apart.*
From *Eastcheape*, *Gracious-streete*, and *London-stone*,
To ende this Battle, as could wish themselues
Vnder my conduct if they knew mee heere:
The doubtfull dayes successe wee neede not feare. *Apart.*

*Char.* Oh for some Cheape-side boyes for *Charles* to lead:
They would sticke to it, when these Out-lawes faile:
Wishes are Winde, lets thinke our selues well man'd,
Weele sooner die, then flye, so make a stand.

*Enter* Tancred *with Drumme and Souldiers.*

*Tanc.* Are these the Out-lawes that disturbe our peace?
Thinke they these Mountaine toppes can shelter them
From our reuenge, and iust assembled Armes?

*Char.* Come, come, let vs prepare to answere them.

*Tanc.* Which bee the chiefe of these confounded troupes?

*Char.* Prince, I am one of them.

*Eust.* And I another. *Char.* I am his friend.

*Eust.* And his out-law-brother.

*Tanc.* How dare you stand contemptuous gainst your Leige?
Captaines yee are our men. *Char.* That wee deny:
I am a stranger *Tancred*. *Eust.* So am I.

*Tanc.* Such valour is reported to appeare *Apart to his*
In the braue deedes of these rude Forresters, *owne people.*

That

That wee could rather wiſh they were our friends,
To dwell in Cities, then keepe out in Caues.
Conſidering now what warres we haue in hand,
Their martiall ſpirits might much aduantage vs,
Would they but keepe within ſome honored bounds.
Wee'le worke them if we can to our alliance,
And rather motion loue, then proud defiance.

*Char.* Why comes the County Palatine in Armes,
To fight againſt vnarmed Forreſters?
If thou wilt winne renowne, bend thy braue forces
Gainſt Pagans that beſiege *Hieruſalem*.
Small fame and honour canſt thou winne thee here,
Beſides our cheape liues thou ſhalt purchaſe deere.

*Eu.* We haue reform'd theſe villaines ſince we came,
And taught them manners and ciuility:
All rape and murder we repay with death:
Amongſt vs doth not liue a rauiſher.

*Tan.* I haue heard no leſſe, but that you weed out ſuch
As paſſe the bounds of Chriſtian honeſty:
Which makes me rather offer peace then warre.
But what bright virgine ſtands ſo diſcontent?

*Char.* My life. *Euſt.* My loue.

*Tan.* The word had bene well ſpent,
If I had ſaid mine too: for I proteſt,
Of all this number I affect her beſt.

*Char.* Beleeue me fellow-partner in my rule,
You offer wrong to impart in this my loue.

*Euſt.* Halfe of al's mine, I claime it as my due:
In which bright Virgin, I except not you.

*Tan.* I do containe my loue with much adoo:
For her (me thinkes) I could turne Out-law too.

*Euſt.* What, do you thinke to haue a double ſhare?
Halfe of her's mine; I will not bate an haire.

*Char.* By thine owne words thou gain'ſt me halfe at leaſt.

*Euſt.* But I'le haue all, my Title is encreaſt.

*Tanc.* Stay Captaines, for our annall Crownes reuennes,
We would not looſe the weakeſt of you both,

So much do we affect your Chiualries.
Let me take vp this mutuall enmity:
Your quarrell is for her; both would enioy her.
You claime her as your right. *To Charles.*
*Char.* 'Tis true I do.
*Tanc.* And Captaine, you ſay ſhe belongs to you.
*Euſt.* True (valiant Prince) my hopes ſhall his deſtroy:
Thou art mine owne, ſweet wench, Heauen giue vs ioy.
*Tane.* Then till this ſtrict contention ended be,
Deliuer this bright Virgin vnto me.
Here ſhall our former hate and diſcord ceaſe:
This Lady ſhall be Hoſtage of your peace,
Vnto thy charge we giue ten thouſand men. *To Charles.*
As many ſouldiers we reſigne to thee. *To Euſtace.*
Make me her keeper till theſe warres be done:
Ye haue the price, I my content haue wonne.
*Cha.* Honour hath taught the Palatine to ſpeake.
*Euſt.* Since what we both deſire, one can but haue,
Take charge of her. Let me receiue the charge
Of a great Army, and commanding power:
Before I marry, I muſt winne my Dower.
*Char.* So ſay I too, and Out-law life adiew.
*Tan.* And welcome loue, which I muſt keepe for you.
Their Drummes ſhall ſcold, mine ſhall haue time to ceaſe,
And whilſt they warre, with her I'le make my peace:
Are you content, ſweete Lady? *Bell.* I muſt do
That which amongſt you all beſt pleaſeth you.
I am a priſoner; priſoners muſt obey.
You ſay I ſhall, and I muſt not ſay nay.
*Char.* Do ſo, ſweete loue.
*Euſt.* Till theſe warres ended be
I prethee ſweete loue, keepe thy heart to me.
*Tan.* Come Captaine, we bequeath you to your charge,
To march with ſpeed towards the holy warres.
This Lady, as our life we will eſteeme,
And place her in the honour of a Queene. *Exeunt.*

*Enter*

*Enter* Robert *of Normandy*; Godfrey *of Bulloigne, and* Guy *of Leſſingham, with Drumme and Souldiers.*

*Godf.* What art thou with thy brow confronteſt me?
*Guy.* One that thinkes ſcorne to giue leaſt place to thee.
*Godfr.* Thou know'ſt mee not to ſet my name ſo light,
*Guy.* I reck thee not, nay frowne thou canſt not fright,
Wee are no babe; or if were, yet know
Thy proud face cannot like a Bug-beare ſhow.
*Godf.* Thou haſt ſtrucke fire vpon a flinty ſpirit.
Think'ſt thou becauſe thou lead'ſt the French Kings troupes,
And art Commander of a few bold French,
That we will yeeld the vpper hand to thee?
I let thee know thou haſt diſhonoured mee.
*Guy.* I let thee know thou haſt done as much by me?
Think'ſt thou, thou canſt outface me? proud man, no:
Know I eſteeme thee as to weake a foe.
*Godf.* Now by my Knight-hood I'le reuenge this wrong;
And for that word, thy heart ſhall curſe thy tongue.
*Rob.* What meane theſe Chriſtian Princes thus to iarre,
And bend their ſwords againſt their mutuall breaſts,
Whoſe edge were ſharpned for their enemies creſts?
*Godfr.* He ſhal not march before me. *Guy.* But I will.
*Godf.* Ey but thou ſhalt not, by this bleſſed day,
I'le pitch thee like a barre out of my way.
*Guy.* Thy armes want ſtrength, thou canſt not toſſe me ſo.
*Godf.* No, can they not? by heauen I'le try a throw.
*Rob.* Princes, I charge you by the honoured zeale,
And loue to him for whom ye come to fight,
To ceaſe this enuy and abortiue iarre.
The fields are broad enough for both to march,
And neither haue the vantage of the ground.
*Guy. Robert*, mine arme ſhall act a wondrous thing,
I'le hurle him like a ſtone out of a ſling.
Not haue the way? I'le fling thee on the earth,
And then march ouer thee, with all my Troupes.
*Godf. Robert* of *Normandy*, by all the honour

Thou hop'ſt t'atchiue thee in theſe holy warres,
Stand from betwixt vs, let's but try one fall
I'le caſt his corke-like trunke by wondrous skill,
As *Hercules* threw *Lycas* from an Hill.

*Rob.* For Heauens ſake and our ſauiours, in whoſe booke
Yee now are entred as his ſouldiers preſt,
In whoſe Campe Royall if yee mutiny,
Yee are found guilty by his martiall Law,
And worthy death: I charge you Princes both,
T'abandon this iniurious enmity.
Stand you betwixt them Souldiers, leſt this ſting
Of blinde ſedition, raigne in this our Army
And feed vpon our bodies like a plague.
Princes I charge you by our Sauiours bloud
Shed for your ſinnes, yee ſhed none at this time.

*Godf.* Well let him march before, I will reſigne:
*Robert* preuailes; French-man the right is thine.

*Guy.* I will not march firſt; but in courteſie
I will reſigne that honoured place to thee;
But what a King ſhould ſay, I ſhould not do
With violent rage that would I runne into.
Go on, Indeede you ſhall, I yeeld it you;
By heauen you ſhal', the place I freely grant.
Friendſhip can more with me, then rude conſtraint.

*God.* Thy honoured loue with honour I returne,
What thou would'ſt giue me, I reſigne thee backe;
This kind reply to me ſtands like a charme,
Then royally let's march on arme in arme.

*Rob.* Such iuſt proportion Princes ſtill ſhould keepe.
Braue Lord of *Bulloigne* ioyne your Troupes with ours,
That are by birth approued *Engliſhmen*:
And Lord of *France* that vnder your conduct
Haue ready armed ten thouſand fighting men,
To fight with vs for faire *Ieruſalem*,
Diſtreſt by miſ-beleeuing Infidels,
Let vs vnite a friendly Chriſtian league.
We haue entred, valiant Lords, vpon our way

Euen

Buen to the midſt of fertile *Lumbardy*,
By writers term'd the Garden of the world.
Halfe of our way we haue ouercome already:
Then let vs here incampe vpon theſe Downes.
But ſtay, what threatning voyce of warfare ſounds.

*Enter after a Trumpet* Euſtace.

*Godfr.* Had not yong *Euſtace* in the ſeas beene drown'd,
I ſhould haue ſaid, he treads vpon his ground.
And but none ſcap'd the dangerous ſeas ſaue I,
This *French-man* I ſhould thinke my brother *Guy*.

*Euſt.* Princes, my Maiſter County Palatine,
Wondring what bold foote durſt preſume to tread
Vpon his Confines without asking leaue,
Sends me to know the cauſe of your arriue:
Or why the arm'd hooфes of your fiery ſteeds
Dare wound the fore-head of his peacefull Land.

*Godfr.* Dare? ſends thy Lord in that ambitious key.

*Guy.* Or hath the pride of thy refined tongue
Guilded thy meſſage with theſe words of ſcorne?

*Rob.* Add'ſt thou vnto thy meſſage, Knight, or no?

*Euſt.* The naked tenour of my Maiſters minde
Thus I infold; raſh fancy inſolent,
That by audacious boldneſſe haue not fear'd
To breake into my Soueraignes royall pale;
I charge you to returne the way you came,
And ſtep by ſtep tell euery tedious ſtride,
That you haue meaſured raſhly in his Land:
Or by the honour of his name he ſweares,
To chace you from the margent of his Coaſt,
With an vnnumbred Army and huge Hoaſt.

*God.* March backe againe? Oh ſcandall to our name!
Haue we deſeru'd to be ſo cenſur'd on,
Though not one man vpon my part would ſtand,
Alone I'le pierce the bowels of his Land.

*Guy.* Baſely retire, and thirty thouſand ſtrong?
Were the whole worlds power ambuſht in our way,

Yet would we on. Returne diſhonourably?
Forward I'le march, though euery ſtep I tread
Plunge me in bloud, thus high aboue my head.
*Rob.* Princes, haue patience, let me anſwere him.
Knight, I condemne not thee for ſpeaking boldly
The proud defiance that thy Maiſter ſends:
But mildly we returne our pleaſures thus.
We do confeſſe it was ſome ouer-ſight
To march ſo farre without ſome notice giuen
Vnto the Lord and Prince that owes the Land:
And we could wiſh that we had crau'd his leaue.
But ſince 'tis thus, that we haue march'd thus farre,
And baſely to retire is infamous.
(If not with leaue) we forward meane to go:
Deſpight of King or Emp'rour ſhall ſay no.
*Euſt.* I will informe the Prince my Soueraigne ſo. *Exit.*
*Guy.* That yong Knights face, me thinks, I wel ſhould know.
*Godfr.* I ſee the ſwords were ſharpt 'gainſt Infidels,
Muſt be employ'd to Chriſtian bloud.
Vpon his ſoule lye all the heynous guilt,
Who being a Chriſtian Prince, forbids and barres
Our quiet paſſage to theſe Pagan warres.
*Guy.* This bickering will but keepe our armes in vre,
The holy battailes better to endure.
*Rob.* Well, Heauen for vs, for our intent is good:
Charg'd be their ſoules with all this Chriſtian bloud.

*Enter* Tancred, Charles, Euſtace, *Drumme*, *Colours* *and Souldiers, marching.*

*Tanc.* What art thou brau'ſt the County Palatine?
*Rob.* My name is *Robert* Duke of Normandy.
*Tanc.* Speake, will yee all retire the way ye came?
*Rob.* Heauen keepe Duke *Robert* from ſo foule a ſhame.
*Godf.* Baſely retire when we haue march'd thus farre?
Firſt we'le vnpeople this thy Land bywarre.
*Char.* Then will we driue you backe by our maine force.

And

And ſeize vpon your Troupes of Foote and Horſe.
*Guy.* So ſay you: but ſhould you attempt to do't,
We ſtraight ſhould ouerthrow you Horſe and Foote.
*Euſt.* So ſaid, ſo done, braue Lord, were gallant play.
But you would at the firſt puſh ſhrinke away.
*Rob.* No proud *Italians* all our ſpirits are fire,
Which burnes not down-ward, but is made t'aſpire.
Prince we confeſſe wee did forget our ſelues,
Preſuming on that ancient priuiledge
Which euery Chriſtian brother Prince ſhould claime
One in the intereſt of anothers name.
An errour we confeſſe, thought not a fault.
But baſely with diſhonour backe to flye,
And to be held as cowards we deny.
*Tan.* And nothing elſe can ſatisfie mine ire,
But whence ye came the ſame way to retire.
*Rob.* And that I'le neuer do.
*Godf.* Nor I. *Guy.* Nor I.
*Char.* Then ſhall yee on theſe *Lumbard* Champaines die.
To Armes braue Souldiers. *Euſt.* Strike vp warlike Drumme.
Prepare you, Chriſtian Princes, now we come.
*Godf.* Stay braue Prince *Tancred*, ſtay great *Norman* Duke.
Out of my zeale to Heauen and Chriſtendome,
To ſtanch the bloud which ſhould be broacht this day,
Vnto the griefe of all that honour CHRIST,
And ioy to ſuch as lone Idolatry:
I make this challenge generall through the Hoaſt
Of him that interrupts vs on our way.
If any proud *Italian* dare take vp
The honour'd gage which I haue here throwne down,
And fight a ſingle combate for our paſſage;
Theſe ſhall be made our ſtrict conditions.
If him I conquer, all our Hoaſt ſhall march
Without leaſt let and contradiction:
If I be vanquiſht by thy Champions hand,
Our Army march backe out of thy land.
*Char.* A Princely motion to ſaue Chriſtian bloud.

Great

Great Prince of *Italy*, vpon my knee
I humbly beg I may thy Champion be.
*Tan.* Thou haſt thy ſuite; thy valour hath bene tride;
With a rough brow ſee thou confront his pride.
*Rob.* Then what ten thouſand Chriſtian liues ſhould right,
Theſe two braue Lords will end in ſingle fight.
*Tan.* It is agreed. *Enſt.* Stand to't, braue Out law-brother
Would I were one of them. *Guy.* and I the other.
*Char.* What weapon wilt thou vſe?
*Godf.* That which next comes.
Giue mee this Partizan: now ſtrike vp Drummes.
*Char.* Giue mee this ſouldiers; Trumpet, ſound a charge:
I'le ſtop the paſſage which he ſeekes t'enlarge.
*Godf.* Princes ſtand off, my warlike arme this day
For all your Troupes ſhall winne a proſperous way.
*Char.* Thou canſt not enter though the way ſtood ope:
My heart, and this, thy paſſage vowes to ſtop.
*Godf.* Yet will I through.
*Char.* Thou ſhalt not, this ſayes nay.
*Godfr.* Oh but behold! I haue this to hew my way.
*They fight, and are parted by* Robert *and* Tancred.
*Tan.* I would not looſe my Champion for the world.
*Rob.* Nor I this Prince: For were theſe ſpirits ſpent,
All Chriſtendome their fortunes might lament.
Part them on equall oddes, and equall termes:
Both a like valiant, both haue honour wonne,
More valerous liue not vnderneath the Sunne.
*Tan.* We will reſerue their haughty Chiualries,
To exerciſe againſt our enemies.
*Enſt.* They haue wonne honour, I haue idly ſtood:
By my good ſtarres I'le haue a challenge too,
If any in their Campe dares anſwere mee.
Giue me thy Pike, a Pike a Prince may traile,
And at that weapon will I challenge all.
Great Prince, theſe fiery Princes that came hither
To braue our forces, had a Champion
To challenge vs: Are we as valiant,

And ſhal we faile to do the like to them?
Giue me but leaue, my Lord, to ſend one boaſt
T'affright them, like a Duel, through their Hoaſt.
*Tan.* It pleaſeth vs; then when thou wilt begin.
*Rob.* What Champion ſhal we haue to anſwer him?
*Guy.* I ſhould eſteeme him my immortal foe,
That ſhould attempt to take away the honour
Of ſuch a ſtrong encounter from my hand:
Champion appeare betwixt our Royal Hoaſts,
Let's ſee thy ſtrength make good thy haughty boaſts.
*Euſt.* I am here; ſtand thou forth on the aduerſe part:
Suruey me well: braue *Hector* I reſemble,
Whoſe very brow did make the *Greekes* to tremble.
*Guy.* But I *Achilles*, proud ambitious boy,
VVil drag thy coarſe about the VVals of *Troy*:
Giue me thy Pike, Ile toſſe it like a Reed,
And with this Bul-ruſh make mine enemy bleed:
Rapier and Pike, is that thy honoured play?
Looke downe yee gods, this combate to ſuruey.
*Euſt.* Rapier and Pike, this combat ſhal decide:
Gods, Angels, Men, ſhal ſee me tame thy pride.
*Guy.* Thou do'ſt thy ſelf wrong to ore-charg thy arme
With ſuch a VVeapon as thou canſt not weild:
Ile teach thee; thou ſhalt like my Zany be:
And feigne to do my cunning after me
*Euſt.* Thou would'ſt inſtruct thy maſter at this play:
Think'ſt thou this Rye-ſtrew can ore-rule my arme?
Thus do I beare him when I vſe to march:
Thus can I fling him vp, and catch him thus: *They toſſe*
Then thus, to try the ſinewes of my arme. *their pikes.*
*Guy.* But thou ſhould'ſt charge him thus, aduance him thus,
Thus ſhould'ſt thou take him, when thou ſeeſt from farre
The violent horſes runne to breake our Rankes.
*Euſt.* All that is nothing, I can toſſe him thus.
*Guy.* I thus: 'Tis eaſier ſport then the Baloone.
*Euſt.* We trifle time, this ſhal thy rage withſtand.
*Guy.* With this, our Hoaſt ſhal peirce thy Soueraignes Land.

*They fight: Robert and the Palatine cast their Warders betweene them, and part them.*

*Rob.* That hoast should loose ten thousand Pagans liues
With the rich honour of their ouerthrow,
That should but loose his Champion in this combate
If both should perish, our braue Christian Army
Should be more weake by thousands, then it was.

*Tan.* Their matchlesse valour hath preuail'd with vs,
Freely enioy the pleasures of our Land,
Our Army here we do conioyne with yours,
To lead them to the faire *Hierusalem*.

*Rob.* We pawne our faith to this perpetual League:
And now we shew our selues that Christian Hoast,
In which true peace should flourish and abound:
Vnto this peace let drums and trumpets sound. *florish*
Champions embrace, and all your sterne debate
Poure in abundance on the Pagans heads:
Princes and Lords, let our vnited bands
Winne backe *Iudea* from the Pagans hands.

*Exeunt all marching.*

*Manet the French Lady.*

*Lady.* Thus haue I maskt my bashful modesty
Vnder the habite of a trusty Page,
And now my seruants seruant am I made:
Loue, that transform'd the gods to sundry shapes,
Hath wrought in me this Metamorphosis:
My Loue and Lord, that honoured me a Woman,
Loues me a youth, employes me euery where;
I serue him, waite vpon him, and he sweares
He fauours both my truth and dilligence:
And now I haue learnt to be a perfect Page,
He wil haue none to trusse his poynts but me,
At boord to waite vpon his cup but me:
To beare his Target in the field, but me:
Nay, many a thing, which makes me blush to speake,
He wil haue none to lye with him but me,

I dreame and dreame, and things come in my mind:
Onely I hide my eyes; but my poore heart
Is bard and kept from Loues ſociety:
Like *Tantalus*, ſuch is my poore repaſt,
I ſee the Apples that I cannot taſte:
I'le ſtay my time, and hope yet, ere I dye,
My heart ſhall feaſt as richly as my eye.

*Exit.* *flouriſh.*

*Enter the old* Soldan, *the yong* Sophy, *tables and formes, and* Morates, Turnus, *with Drum and ſouldiers.*

*Sol.* Counſel braue Lords, the Chriſtian army marches
Euen to our gates with Paces vndiſturb'd:
The hollow earth reſounds with weight of Armes,
And ſhrinkes to beare ſo huge a multitude:
They make a valley as they march along,
And rayſing his encompaſſe eyther ſide:
Counſell, braue Lords, theſe terrours to decide.

*Sop.* *Ioues* great Vice-gerent ouer all the world:
Let vs confront their pride, and with our powers
Diſperſe the ſtrength of their aſſembled Troupes.

*Sol.* Syon is ours by conqueſt: All *Iudea*
Is the rich honour of our conquering ſwords:
Shall we not guard it then, and make our breaſts
The Wals that ſhall defend *Ieruſalem?*

*Sop.* They ſhall march ouer vs, that march this way:
Before the Chriſtians ſhall attayne theſe wals
With dead mens faces we will paue the earth.

*Sol.* I cannot iudge the Chriſtians are ſo mad
To come in way of battle, but of Peace.

*Sop.* They rather trauayle in deuotion,
To pay their vowes at their *Meſſiah's* Tombe,
And ſo, as Pilgrimes, not as ſouldiers come.

*Sol.* Your owne power blinds you and hath skreen'd your eies,
My haires do weare experience Lyuery:
But yours, the badge of youth and idleneſſe:
Their Army ſtands vpon a mountayne top,

Like a huge Forreſt: their tal Pikes, like Pines,
In height do ouer-peere the lower Trees;
Their Horſemen ride like *Centaurs* in the meads,
And ſcout abroad for pillage and for prey:
Courage is their good Captaine. *Sop.* Courage no,
Pale feare, and blacke deſtruction, leads the foe.
*Sol.* I ſay againe, the Chriſtian Princes leade
An Army, for their power, inuincible:
Victorious hope ſits houering on their Plumes:
Their guilded Armour ſhines againſt the Sunne,
Dazeling our eyes from top of yonder Hill,
Like the bright ſtreakes that flow from Paradiſe.
*Sop.* O conqueſt worthy the braue *Perſian* ſwords:
Let vs deſcend from forth the Towne and meete them.
*Sol.* No. *Sop.* Yes.
*Sol.* Should *Ioue* himſelfe in thunder anſwer I
When we ſay no; wee'd pul him from the skye.
*Sop.* Should *Soldan*, *Sophy*, Prieſt or Presbyter,
Or gods, or Diuels, or men, gaine-ſay our will;
Him, them, or thee, would the braue Perſian kil.
*Mor.* Quench your hot ſpleens with drops of ſweete aduice,
Temper your rage with counſel mighty Kings.
*Sol.* I ſay we wil make peace with Chriſtendome.
*Sop.* I ſay the Perſian ſcornes to be colleague,
Or to haue part with them of Chriſtendome.
*Sol.* Yet heare my age. *Sop.* Yet hearken to my youth.
*Mor.* My tongue giue place vnto the *Soldans* age.
*Tur.* But I applaud the *Perſians* youthfull rage.
*Sol.* Stay Lords, our graue experience doth foreſee
The miſchiefes that attend on this debate:
We tread the path of our Deſtruction,
By our diſſentions grow the Chriſtians ſtrong,
Whom our vnited hearts may eaſily quel:
Braue *Perſian Sophy*, we commend your hate
To them that haue abhorr'd our Pagan gods:
Yet temper it with wiſedome, valiant Prince:
Tis our ſecurity I would increaſe,

When

When with my Words I mention gentle peace.
*Mor.* Experience doth inſtruct the *Soldans* tongue,
Hearken to him, he ſpeakes iudicially.
*Sop.* My tongue a while giues licence to mine eare:
The depth of your graue wiſdomes let vs heare.
*Sol.* Then thus, let's ſend vnto the Chriſtian Hoaſts,
To know what cauſe hath brought them thus far arm'd:
If peaceably they come to viſite here
The ancient Reliques of their Sauiours Tombe;
Peace ſhal conduct them in, and guard them out:
But if they come to conquer *Syons* Hill,
And make irruption through our triple Wals;
Death and deſpaire ſhal ambuſh in their way,
And we will ſeize the Enſignes they diſplay.
*Sop.* My youth yeelds willingly to your graue yeares,
Let it be ſo. But whom ſhall we elect
To be created Lords Embaſſadours?
*Sol.* *Moretes* ſhal be one, for I am ſure
He will employ his tongue, peace to procure.
*Sop.* *Turnus* another, he that all things dares,
Wil with defiance ſtirre them vp to Warres.
*Sol.* *Moretes* and braue *Turnus*, ſpeed you ſtraight
Vnto the Chriſtian Hoaſt: Say, if they come
Like Pilgrimes, to behold the Sepulchre,
Our gates ſtand open to receiue them in:
And be you paineful to perſwade a peace:
But if they ſtand vpon their hoſtile ground,
Say that our breſts are arm'd, our ſwords are keene,
Bold are our hearts, and fiery is our ſpleene,
And ſo be gone. *Mor.* I to perſwade a peace. *Exit.*
*Tur.* I go the furious rage of war t'encreaſe. *Exit.*
*Sol.* We wil meane time conduct our royall hoaſts;
(One halfe is mine, the other you ſhal lead,)
To intercept them ere they winne the ſight
Of theſe inuincible and high-built Wals:
Braue Perſians, we wil both in ambuſh lye:
Sure now the Chriſtians are all come to dye. *Exeunt.*

*Enter* Tancred *with* Bella Franca, *richly attired, she somewhat affecting him, though she makes no shew of it,* Robert *of* Normandy, *the foure brethren, and the french Lady like a Page.*

*Tanc.* Behold, braue Christian Princes, all the glory
That *Tancred* can inherite in this World.
*Eust.* Part of it's mine. *Char.* And part belongs to me.
*Godf.* An heauenly mixture, now beshrew my heart,
But *Godfrey* with the rest could cry halfe part.
*Guy.* I am all hers. *Rob.* That Lady seemes to me
The fairest creature euer eye did see.
*Bell. Tancred,* of all, thy face best pleaseth me. *in priuat.*
*Tan.* Faire Lady, *Eust.* Madame. *Cha.* Mistresse.
*Godf.* Beauteous loue. *Guy.* Bright Goddesse.
*Rob.* Nymph. *Fren. Lady.* Loue whom ye wil say I:
So yee affect not my beloued *Guy.*
*Tan.* Lords, she is mine. *Eust.* When did my interest cease?
*Char.* When I am here, you brother Out-law peace.
*Godf.* Why should not I enioy her? *Rob.* Why not I?
*Guy.* She can haue none but me.
*Eust.* & *Char.* That we deny.
*Bell.* Princes, what meanes this frenzy in your harts?
Or hath some Negromanticke Coniurer
Rais'd by his Art some fury in my shape,
To worke sedition in the Christian campe?
You haue confirm'd by generall Parliament
A Statute, that must stand iniolate:
Namely, that mutiny in Prince or Pesant
Is death, a Kingdome cannot saue his life:
Then whence proceed these strange contentions?
*Cha.* I seiz'd her first. *Eust.* I first her thoughts did proue.
*Tan.* I plead the composition for my loue.
*Rob.* If wealth wil win the thoughts of that chaste Lady,
I'le bid as faire as any for her loue.
*Godf.* If valour may atchieue her, 'mongst many
Will bid more warlicke blowes for her then any.
*Guy.* Nay, if you go to scrambling, this for me. *Draws.*

*Fren. Lady.*

*Frenc.* *Lady.* Speed they that liſt, ſo you repulſed be.
*Bel.* Yet heare me Princes.
*Euſt.* Hence with friuolous words.
*Godf.* Stand we to prate, when others draw their ſwords.
*Chaw.* Speake thou my cauſe. *Draw.*
*Tan.* This ſhall my pleader be. *Draw.*
*Guy.* Thou art for vs. *Draw.*
*Rob.* And ſword ſpeake thou for me.
*Bel.* He that beſt loues me, pierce me with his ſword,
Leſt I become your generall ouerthrow:
I do coniure you by the loue you beare me,
Eyther to baniſh this hoſtility,
Or all at once to act my Tragedy:
A blow is death proclaim'd by Parliament:
Can ye make lawes, and be the firſt that break them?
Knew I that this my beauty bred this ſtrife,
With ſome black poyſon I would ſtaine my cheeks,
Till I lookt fouler then an *Æthiop*:
Still do ye brandiſh your contentious ſwords?
This night ſhall end my beauty, and to morrow
Looke to behold my Chriſtall eyes ſcratcht out,
My viſage martyr'd, and my haire torne off;
Hee that beſt loues it, ranſome it with peace;
I will preſerue it, if your fury ceaſe;
But if ye ſtill perſiſt, the Heauens I call
As my vowes witneſſe, I wil hate ye all.
*Tan.* To ſhew my loue, my ſword ſhall ſleep in reſt.
*Godf.* I'le keepe mine ſharpe for the braue *Soldans* creſt.
*Guy.* Peace ſword. *Rob.* The *Norman Robert* keeps his keen,
T'abate the fury of the *Perſians* ſpleene:
*Ch.* My ſword cries truce. *Eu* Blade when thou next art ſeen,
Thou mak'ſt thy Lord a King, his Loue a Queene.
*Bell.* You haue redeem'd my beauty, your laſt iarre
Had made perfection with my face at Warre.
*Euſt.* Lady, the vertuous motions of your heart
Adde to the abundant graces of your fame,
It was your beauty that did blinde our ſoules,

And

And in our close brests plac'd obliuion:
Tis true, we haue ordain'd a strict Decree,
That whosoeuer in our Christian Hoast
Strikes with a sword in hostile enmity,
Forfeits his life, then breake off this debate,
And keepe our owne Decrees inuiolate.

*Enter with a Tucket before them* Turnus,
*and* Morates.

*Mor.* Health to the Christians from the mighty *Soldan*!
*Tur.* Death and destruction from the Persian *Sophy*.
*Rob.* That tongue brings peace, to thee wil I attend.
*Godf.* That tongue brings War, thy motions we commend.
*Tan.* Speake peace, thy lookes are smooth, we'le list to thee;
*Chor.* Speake Warre, bring War, and we to War agree.
*Mor.* The *Babylonian Soldan*, mighty Princes,
Sends me to know the cause of this your March
Into a land so farre remote from yee:
If yee intend to see your Prophets Tombe,
And like Pilgrimes, Peace shal guard your Way,
*Godf.* Peace we defie: let's heare what thou canst say.
*Rob.* Proceede, proceede.
*Guy.* Do: and Ile sound my Drumme
To drowne his voyce, that doth for parleance come.
*Enst.* Why, I am borne to nothing in this World
But what my sword can conquer: Should we yeeld
Our fortunes to base composition,
I haue no hopes mine honour to encrease:
Curst be his base eare that attends to peace.
*Mor.* Let me conclude my message. *Godf.* Pagan, no:
Warres friend speake thou, I am to Peace a foe.
*Tur.* The Persian *Sophy* thus instructs my tongue,
That Prince amongst you whose heroicke brest
Dares shew it selfe to his tryumphant speake,
(Excepting but the name of Christian)
Like to the Persian gods he honours him:
But should he know a heart in these proud Troupes

And

And know that heart to be addict to peace,
Hee'd hate him like a man that ſhould blaſpheme.
In *Sion* Towers hangs his victorious flagge,
Blowing defiance this way: and it ſhowes
Like a red meteor in the troubled aire;
Or like a blazing comet, that fore-tels
The fall of Princes.

*Char.* Thine owne Princes fall.

*Tur.* Then in one word, deſtruction to you all.

*Godf.* I had not thought ſuch ſpirits had remain'd
Within the warlike breaſts of Infidels.

*Euſt.* Dares the Maieſticke ſpirit of thy King
Anſwer a challenge? dares he pawne his Crowne
Againſt the hazard of ten thouſand lines?

*Guy.* And who ſhould fight againſt him? *Euſt.* I.

*Guy.* Thou! *Euſt* I, 'gainſt him, and thee, and all the world.
That interdicts my honour, *Guy.* Me! *Euſt.* Thee. *A blow chang'd*

*Guy.* Fire, rage, and fury, all my veines do ſwell,
Be mute my tongue, bright ſword my fury tell.

*Euſt.* Fire mount 'gainſt his mad fury, check his rage.
Burne out then flame, his bloud thy heate ſhall ſwage.

*They fight and are parted.*

*Godf.* What haue ye done? iniuſtice ſtaines our creſts:
If for this act yee haue not loſt your lines.

*Rob.* I will not beare the badge of Chriſtendome
In ſuch a Bedlam mad ſociety.

*Char.* Ceaſe to determine of their haire-braine rage,
Till yee haue ſent the Pagans from our Tents.

*Tan.* 'Tis well aduiſ'd Souldiers take charge of them
Till we determine of our Embaſſie.

*Mor.* I feare me *Turnus*, had you know before
The ſpirits of theſe haughty Chriſtians,
T'haue bene ſo full of emulous chiualry,
You would haue temper'd ſome part of your rage.
You ſee they ſtriue, and fight amongſt themſelues,
To practiſe hate againſt they meete with vs.

*Tur.* *Morates*, no, we ſcorne all abiect feares,

And they ſhall know our hearts as great as theirs.
*Godfr.* It ſhall be ſo. Attend me, Pagan Lords;
We come not with gray gownes, and Pilgrimes ſtaues,
Beads at our ſides, and ſandals on our feete,
Feare in our hearts, entreaty in our tongues,
To begge a paſſage to our Prophets graue,
But our ſoft Beauer Felts, we haue turn'd to iron,
Our gownes to armour, and our ſhels to plumes,
Our walking ſtaues we haue chang'd to Cemytars,
And ſo with Pilgrimes hearts, not pilgrims habits,
We come to hew our way through your maine Armies,
And offer at the Tombe our contrite hearts
Made purple with as many Pagans blouds,
As we haue in our breaſts religious thoughts.
And ſo be gone, no words in trifling waſt,
Death followes after you with wings of haſt.
*Tur.* That Prince ſpeaks Muſick, which doth cheere my heart.
*Mor.* Princes adew, with terrour I depart. *Exeunt.*
*Cha.* Now to theſe other Captaine-mutiners,
What ſhall be done with them?
*Euſt.* Euen what you pleaſe.
We haue liu'd with paine, and we can die with eaſe.
*Guy.* What God hath made, a Gods name do you marre,
Death is the leaſt I feare, now to the barre.
*Rob.* Lords giue me leaue to temper our decree,
The Law is death, but ſuch is our regard
Of Chriſtian bloud, we moderate it thus.
Becauſe we know your worths, your liues are ſau'd,
Yet that the world ſhall ſee we priſe our Lawes,
And are not partiall ſhould we ſit on Kings;
We doome you euerlaſting baniſhment
From out the Chriſtian Army. *Euſt.* Baniſhment?
This was your doing; well, I'le be reueng'd:
By all the hopes that I haue loſt, I will.
Princes, your doomes are vpright, I obey them,
And voluntarily exile my ſelfe.
(Againſt my furious ſpirit) I could weepe

If

To leaue this royall Army, and to looſe
The honour promiſt in the Pagans death.
Farewell to all, with teares of griefe I go:
Yee are all my friends, thou onely art my foe.
*Guy.* Hold me ſo ſtill; where ere I next ſhall meete thee,
This ſword, like thunder, on thy creſt ſhall greet thee.
Baniſht the Campe I go, but not ſo farre,
But I will make one in this Chriſtian warre,
Like an vnknowne Knight I will beare a ſhield,
In it engrauen the Trade I did profeſſe,
When once I was a Gold-ſmith in Cheape-ſide:
And if I proſper, to theſe armes I'le adde
Some honour, and the ſcutcheon I ſhall beare,
Shall to the Pagans bring pale death, and feare.
Adiew braue Chriſtian Lords; for I muſt ſtray,
A baniſht man can neuer miſſe his way.
*Godf.* Why do you looke ſo ſad vpon their griefes?
*Char.* Ah pardon me. My heart begot a thought
At their departure, which had bene of force
T'haue ſtrayn'd a teare or two from my moiſte eye.
How like was he to *Euſtace*! he to *Guy*!
*Godf.* A leaden weight of griefe lies at my heart,
And I could wiſh my ſelfe were baniſht too,
To beare them in their ſorrowes company.
*Rob.* Theſe, for examples ſake, muſt beremou'd,
And though their abſence will much weaken vs,
Yet we had rather put vs in Heauens guard,
Leſſening our owne ſtrength, then to beare with that
which might in time leade to our ouerthrow.
March forward Lords; our loue we will deferre.
Prince *Tancred*, till our warres chiefe heat be ſpent,
Keepe ſtill this beauteous Lady in your Tent. *Exeunt. flouriſh*

*Manent two Ladies.*

*Fren. Lad.* My Lord is baniſht, what ſhall poore I do?
There is no way, but I muſt after too.
But ere I go, ſome cunning I muſt vſe,
To make this Lady my Lords loue refuſe.

*Bell.* Faire youth, why haue you ſing'ed me alone?
Is it to ſhare ioy, or partake my mone?
*Fr n. Lady.* Whether you pleaſe.
Inuention helpe me now, (*part*)
To bring her out of loue with my ſweete Lord,
For ſhould ſhe loue him I were quite vndone.
Madame, in faith, how many ſuiters haue you?
*Bell.* More then I wiſh I had: Firſt, the *French* Generall.
*Fren. Lad.* Oh Heauen, I feare, I thinke I am accurſt.
Shee loues him beſt, becauſe ſhe names him firſt.
*Bell.* The *Engliſh Robert*, County *Palatine*;
Two Gentlemen that tooke me in the woods;
One is now baniſht, but the other ſtill
Stayes in the Army; then the *Bullojgne* Duke,
*Fren. Lad.* And which of all theſe is the propereſt man?
*Bell.* 'Faith let me heare thy iudgement,
*Fren. Lad.* Prince *Robert* is a gallant Gentleman,
But the *French* Lord vncomely, and vnſhap'd.
*Tancred's* a proper man, but the *French* Lord,
He hath no making, no good ſhape at all.
I could not loue a man of his complexion:
I would not haue him if I were a Lady,
Had he more Crownes then *Cæſar* conquered.
*Bell.* I ſee no ſuch defects in that *French* Lord.
*Fren. Lad.* I, I, 'tis ſo. Vpon my life ſhe loues him,
I muſt deuiſe ſome plot, or they will vſe
Some meanes to meete, and marry out of hand.
Lady, he was my Maiſter, but beleeue me,
He is the moſt inſatiate man for women,
That euer breath'd; nay, Madame, which is more,
He loues variety, and delight in change.
And I heard him ſay, ſhould he be married,
Hee'd make his wife a Cucke-queane.
*Bell.* Why though he do, 'tis vertue in a woman,
If ſhe can beare his imperfections.
*Fren Lad.* Vpon my life they are made ſure already,
Shee's pleas'd with any imperfections.

What

What ſhould I do? *Bell.* Now faire youth, liſt to me,
I will acquaint the with a ſecrecy.
Theſe Lords ſo trouble me with their vaine ſuites,
That I am tir'd and wearied, and reſolue
To ſteale away in ſecret from the Campe.
*Fren. Lad.* My *Guy* is gone, and ſhe would follow him:
I muſt preuent it, or elſe looſe my loue.
*Bell.* Wilt thou conſort me, beare me company,
And ſhare with me in ioy and miſery?
*Fren. Lad.* Madam I will. She loues him, and no wonder.
I'le go, be't but to keepe them ſtill aſunder.
*Bell.* Then from their Tents this night wee'le ſteale away,
And through the wide woods and the Forreſts ſtray.
*Exeunt Floriſe.*

*Enter* Soldan, Sophie, Turnus, Moretes, *Drummes, Enſignes, and Souldiers.*

*Sol.* Then your reports ſound nought but death and warre,
*Mor.* The Chriſtians would not lend an eare to peace.
*Sop.* Since they demeane themſelues ſo honourably,
This earth ſhall giue them honourable graues.
*Tur.* By pride her ſelfe are their proud Enſignes borne:
Warre in their tongues ſits, in their faces ſcorne.
*Sol.* Our reſolutions ſhall controule baſe feares.
Wee are proud as they; our ſwords ſhall anſwere theirs.
*Sop.* Didſt thou deliuer our ſtrict Embaſſie?
*Tur.* I did, my Lord. *Sol.* Did they not quake to heare it?
*Tur.* No more then Rockes ſhakt with a puffe of breath.
They come reſolu'd, and not in feare of death.
*Sop.* Lookt they not pale? *Tur.* With fury not with feare.
The'were mad, becauſe your forces were not there.
*Sol.* Did you not daſh their ſpirits? fell not their eyes
Downe to the earth, when thou didſt ſpeake of vs?
Went not a fearefull murmurre through their Hoaſt,
When thou did'ſt number our vnnumbred power?
Did not their faint ſwords tremble in their hands,
At that name *Soldan*? *Sop.* Or when thou namd'ſt mee,

My power, my ſtrength, my matchleſſe chiualry:
Fell they not flat vpon the earth with feare?
*Tur.* No, but their proud hearts bounded in their breaſts,
Their plumes flew braue'ly on their golden creſts:
And they were ready to haue fallen at iarre,
Which of them firſt ſhould with the *Perſian* warre.
*Mor.* There was no tongue but breath'd defiance forth:
I could not ſee a face but menac'd death:
No hand, but brandiſht a victorious ſword.
They all cry Battaile, Battaile, peace defie,
And not a heart but promiſt victory.
*Sol.* There's not an heart ſhall ſcape our tyranny,
Since they prouoke our indignation,
Like the vaſte Ocean ſhall our courage riſe,
To drowne their pride, and all their powers ſurpriſe.
*Sop.* My Cemytar is like the bolt of *Ioue*,
That neuer toucheth but it ſtrikes with death,
Oh how I long, till we with ſpeares in reſts,
Strike out the lightning from their high-plum'd creſts.
*Sol.* I would burne off this beard in ſuch a flame,
As I could kindle with my puiſſant blowes:
Yet the leaſt haire I value at more worth
Then all the Chriſtian Empire. *Sol.* Speake, braue *Soldan*,
Shall our bar'd horſes clime yond Mountaine tops,
And bid them battell where they pitch their Tents.
*Sol.* Courage cries, on; but good aduice ſaith, ſtay.
Experience bids fight another way.
Why ſhould we tire our Troupes in ſearch of them,
That with audacious boldneſſe ſeeke out vs?
Let vs ſtand to receiue them when they come,
And with a groue of Pikes growing on this earth
Where now no tree appeares, toſſe vp their bodies,
Whoſe coarſes by your ſtrong armes kept aloofe,
May hang like bloudy pendants on your ſtaues.
*Sop.* Oh ſight beſt pleaſing to the *Perſian* gods!
*Tur.* In the skies fore-head ſhall the bright Sunne ſtand
Amaz'd to view that glorious ſpectacle,

And

And with the pleaſing ſight forget his way,
To grace his Trophee with perpetuall day.
*Mor.* But how ſhall we receiue their armed Troopes?
What ſpeciall honour will your grace aſſigne
To them that ſhall command your Companies?
*Sol.* It ſhall be thus. This way the Chriſtians march,
The body of our Hoaſt ſhall ſtay behind,
To be a ſtrength to faire *Hieruſalem*
But we with certaine ſouldiers ſecretly,
Will lie in ambuſh: The great *Perſian Sophy*,
With *Turnus*, and a chiefe command of men,
Shall guard that way: my ſelfe, and thou *Morates*
Will keepe this paſſage with a troupe ſelect,
To ſeize on their fore-runners, ſcouts, and ſpies.
Aſſiſt vs fate, ere-long the world ſhall know
Our glories by the Chriſtians ouerthrow.
This is my Quarter: theſe my men ſhall be.
*Sop.* *Morates*, thou and theſe ſhall follow me. *Exeunt.*

*Enter* Robert *of Normandy.*

*Rob.* Oh whether will blind loue conduct my ſteps?
Prince *Tancred* Deere, and Engliſh *Roberts* loy,
Is fled in ſecret, and hath left our Tents.
Thus like an Errant and Aduenturous Knight,
I haue left the Hoaſt to follow her faire ſearch,
And durſt not truſt the aire with my intent:
This way, they ſay, ſhe went; the Campe's ſecure.
This way vnknowne, in ſecret I purſue her.

*Enter* Charles.

*Char.* This way went my loue like a ſhooting ſtarre,
Whoſe blazing traine doth guilde the firmament.
Such glorious beauty addes ſhe to the way,
Making the darke night-pathes, ſhine bright as day.
Ye honoured Armes farewell, and Campe adiew,
I do forſake my ſelfe her to purſue.
*Rob.* Behold a trauellor! I will enquire
If chance hath caſt his eye vpon my loue.

*Char.*

*Char.* I was about to aske of yonder man,
Whether her beauty had enricht his ſight:
But 'tis my riuall *Robert*; *Charles* obſcure thee.
For ſhould he ſee thee, he would quickely iudge
What Adamant had drawne me to theſe woods.
One care I ſee hath made vs errants both.
To be found wandring thus I ſhould be loath.

*Rob.* Loue that drew me, hath drawne that knight along
Being but a childe, a Gyant's not ſo ſtrong.

*Enter* Soldan, Moretes, *and Souldiers.*

*Sol.* Stand Chriſtians, by you Croſſes on your breſts
Yee're markt for death, and baſe deſtruction.

*Rob.* What are ye, that like cowards, with ſuch oddes
Aſſault vs thus vnfurniſht for the warres.

*Sol.* I am the *Soldan*; theſe my men at armes,
That lie to intercept you, and prepare
For your accurſed liues this fatall ſnare.

*Cha.* The *Soldan*, the grand enemy to CHRIST,
The diuels Lieutenant, Vice-roy vnder him!
Braue *Engliſh Robert*, ſince our frowning ſtarres
Haue brought vs to this narrow exigent,
And train'd vs hither with a chaine of loue
To periſh by the ſword of Infidels:
Stand foote to foote.

*Rob.* Puſh, I am Pagans ſwords proofe, and my ſtarres,
Haue markt me for a Conquerour in theſe warres.

*Sol.* Vpon them, ſouldiers; pitty they diſpiſe,
Scarce can the world affoord a richer prize, *Alarum.*

*They fight and are both taken*

*Cha.* Thou glorious eye of heauen, be euer blind:
Maske thy bright face in clouds eternally:
Darke vapours and thicke myſts thy front embrace
And neuer ſhine to looke on my diſgrace.

*Rob.* A priſoner, *Robert!* this my comfort bee:
He makes me bound that beſt can ſet me free.

*Sol.* Take them to guard, this entrance to our warres

Is full of ſpirit, and begets much hope:
We will not yet examine what yee are,
Till tortures wring it from your ſlauiſh tongues:
That done, your bloods theſe champaines ſhall embrue
Meane time we'le waite for more of your looſe crue.

*Enter* Guy *with his ſhield, and a Page brings his ſword and Target: in each of his hands a Poleaxe.*

*Guy.* I am turn'd wilde man ſince I vſde theſe forreſts:
And I haue wonne more weapons in theſe VVoods,
From Out-lawes, whom my ſword hath vanquiſhed,
Then I can carry on my backe with eaſe:
I haue ſwords, Targets, Pikes, and Partiſans,
Pollaxes, Maces, Clubs, and Horſe-mens ſtaues,
Darts, Halberds, Long-ſwords, Piſtols, Petronels,
All which I haue conquered: At this mountayne ridge
Two villaines with theſe Weapons ſet vpon me:
But with my ſword I made them turne their backes,
And leaue theſe Trophees which I thus ſupport,
And beare vpon my ſhoulders Conquerour like.
What? do I ſee an Ambuſh? by their Armes
They ſhould be Pagans: *Robert* priſoner!
VVith him a Chriſtian Leader! O my fate,
Thou haſt eyther brought me to reuiue my name
By reſcuing theſe, or here to dye with ſhame,
Come life, come death; a baniſht man will try,
To liue with honour, or with honour dye:
*Robert* breake from thy guard, make them diſmayd,
Receiue theſe weapons, Heauen hath ſent thee ayde.

*Rob.* God, and Saint *George*.

*Cha.* Now by the *Soldans* Crowne,
If I can weild this VVeapon, he ſhall downe.

*Guy.* The Chriſtians God for vs.

*Sol.* VVhat, are they free?
Alarum Drummes, the heathen powers for me:

*They fight; the Pagans are beaten off,*
*Guy departs ſuddainly.*

*Rob.* Some Angell in the habite of a Knight,
Hath reskued vs: ſuch heauy downe-right blowes
Could neuer come from any mortall arme.
For euery blow he reacht, was certaine death.
*Cha.* What is that power, if heauenly power he be,
That we may laude and praiſe his Deity?
*Rob.* Departed on a ſuddaine ere we know,
To whom our freedomes, and our liues we owe!
*Char.* By that inſcription grauen on his ſhield,
We may perhaps deſcry him in the campe,
Ceaſe admiration then; let theſe euents,
Haſten our ſteps backe to ſuruey our Tents.

*Enter ſeuerally* Godfrey, *and* Tancred.

*Tan.* *Godfrey!* *Godf.* *Tancred!*
*Tan.* Well met my Lord in theſe vnpeopled paths,
What hath your loue made you to leaue the field.
*Godf.* *Godfrey* ne're dreamt to haue met with *Tancred* here,
The Lady that hath fled from our chaſt loue,
(Whom *Tancred* I do more affectionate,
Becauſe ſhe much reſembles my faire ſiſter)
Hath cauſed me ſo much to forget my ſelfe,
And play the wanderer in theſe vnknowne woods. *ſoft march;*
But ſoft, that Drumme ſhould ſpeake the Pagans tongue:
I feare we are betrai'd, I, I, 'tis ſo:
*Tancred*, we are round compaſt by the foe.

Soldan, Sophie, *and Souldiers, encompaſſe the Chriſtian Princes: Enter* Euſtace, *and ſet them free.*

*Euſt.* Thanke me for this; for, next th'Almighty Powers,
I haue bene the meanes to ſaue your deſperate liues.
Now, Chriſtian Princes, I am quit with you
For all the grace you haue done me in the Campe;
And now you owe me for my baniſhment.
And though you haue exil'd me from your Tents,
You haue not power to keepe me from the warres.
Vpon this ſhield I beare the *Grocers* Armes,

Vnto

Vnto which Trade I was enrold and bound:
And like a ſtrange Knight, I will aid the Chriſtians,
Thou Trade which didſt ſuſtaine my pouerty,
Didſt helpeleſſe, helpe me; though I left thee then,
Yet that the world ſhall ſee I am not ingrate,
Or ſcorning that, which gaue my fortunes breath,
I will enlarge theſe Armes, and make their name
The originall and life of all my fame.
But I am tir'd with trauaile, Shield lie there,
Oh that I could but ſee that lufty ſpirit,
My arch-foe, riuall in my baniſhment,
To be reueng'd, and end my hoſtile hate!
I'le dreame I fight with him to eaſe my ſpleene,
And in that thought I lay me on this Greene. *Sleep.*

*Enter* Guy *with a paper and his Shield.*

*Guy.* Armes yee are full of hope and ſweete ſucceſſe,
The famous Art, whoſe honoured badge ye are,
Firſt, when I liu'd 'mongſt London-prentiſes,
Gaue me an honeſt and a pleaſant life,
Now in theſe woods haue won me fame & honour:
And I haue reſcued Princes with this ſhield:
And Princes are indebted to theſe Armes.
And if I liue, in memory of this
Within their faire Hall ſhall this Scutchion hang,
Till ſome ſmooth pen Hiſtorifie my name,
What obiect's that? A Knight a ſleepe or dead?
Oh, 'tis the Baſſe, and ground of all my hate;
I'le kill the villaine: Oh diſhonored thought!
Art thou not ſonne vnto the *Bullen* Duke,
And canſt thou hatch diſhonour? Arch-foe liue.
I ſcorne aduantage, ſhould I fight with *Mars*.
He beares this ſhield I will exchange with his,
And leaue a Motto written in mine owne
Shall make him quake to reade. Be ſwift my pen,
T'affright his ſence when he ſhall wake againe.
'Tis done. Then go with me and mine ſtay here,

Which in deſpight of thee baſe Knight, I weare. *Exit.*

*Euſt.* The houres haue ouer-runne me with ſwift pace,
And time hath faſtned to him ſwallowes wings.
Come ſword, come Shield; but ſoft, thou art a ſtranger,
And pardon me good ſhield, I know thee not.
What haue we here?

*Aske not who that Shield doth owe,*
*For he is thy mortall foe:*
*And where ere hee ſees that ſhield,*
*Citty, Burrough, Groue, or Field,*
*Hee that beares it, beares his bane,*
*By his hand he muſt be ſlaine.*
*Thine, in ſpight of thee, hee'le beare,*
*(If thou dar'ſt) his Scutchion weare.*
*Hee writ this, that thy ſhield will keepe,*
*And might haue ſlaine the being aſleepe.*

'Tis a fine fellows by this light, he is
An honeſt Rogue, and hath a good conceite.
Weare it? I'le weare it. If I do not well,
He needed not to haue put in the word (*Dare*)
For I dare: dare, I? he ſhall ſee I dare.
Belike he feares I dare not challenge mine.
Were't faſtned to the arme of *Beelzebub*,
I would fight with him with firebrands for my ſhield.
But deares he weare mine? On my life he dares:
I loue him like my brother for this act.
And I will beare this ſhield with as much pride,
As ſate I in a Chariot by *Ioues* ſide.
Shine bright my Stars, to do me ſome faire grace,
Bring vs to meete in ſome auſpicious place.

*Enter the Ladies flying, purſued by the Clowne.*

*Clow.* Nay you cowardly Lady, that runne away from the Campe, and dare not ſtand to it, I am glad I haue light on you; chooſe your weapon, chooſe your weapon; I am a ſouldier, and a martiall man, and I will offer you the right of Armes:

Armes: If you vanquiſh me, I'le be your captiue, if you be caſt downe I'le carry you backe priſoner.

*Fren. Lad.* I weare a weapon that I dare not draw:
Fie on this womaniſh feare, what ſhall I do.

*Bel.* Some of my fathers ſpirit reuiues in me,
Giue me thy weapon, boy, and thou ſhalt ſee,
I for vs both will winne ſweete liberty.

*Clow.* I was neuer ſo ouer-reacht; and, but for ſhame, and that I am a man at armes, I would runne away, and take me to my legs. Haue at the ſweete Lady.

*As they fight,* Euſtace *comes in:*

*Eu.* Baſe villaine, dar'ſt thou offer violence
Vnto a Lady; ſtay, maintaine thy challenge.

*Clow.* You thinke you haue a foole in hand; no by my faith, not I. if you haue any buſineſſe to the Campe, farewell, I am running thither as faſt as I can.

*Euſt.* Mount vp my ſoule, vnto the heighth of ioy!
Sauing my foe, whoſe honoured ſhield I beare,
None liuing did I more deſire to meete.

*Bell.* Sauing thoſe Chriſtian Lords that ſeeke my loue
None liuing did I more deſire to ſhunne.

*Euſt.* Well met, braue Saint, in theſe vnpeopled paths,
Feare no rude force, for I am ciuill borne,
Deſcended from a Princely parentage,
And though an exile from the Chriſtians Campe,
Yet in my heart I weare the Croſſe of CHRIST,
Euen in as deepe a crimſon as the beſt.
Loue me, though I am Landleſſe, and remote
From the faire clime where firſt I breath'd this aire,
Yet know I beare a Kingdome in this ſword,
And ere I die, looke to behold this Front
Empal'd and circled with a royall crowne.

*Bell.* I neuer markt this Gallant halfe ſo much:
He hath my brothers eye, my father brow,
And he is *Euſtace* all from top to toe.

*Euſt.* I had a ſiſter, Lady, with that red,
That giues a crimſon tincture to your cheeke,

With ſuch a hand hid in a gloue of ſnow,
That ſpake all muſicke, like your heauenly tongue;
And for her ſake, faire Saint, I honour you.
*Bell.* I had a brother, had not the rude ſeas
Depriu'd me of him, with that manly looke,
That grace, that courage, I behold in you.
A Prince, whom had the rude ſeas neuer ſeene,
Euen ſuch another had yong *Euſtace* beene.
*Euſt.* *Euſtace*! euen ſuch an accent gaue her tongue,
So did my name ſound in my ſiſters mouth,
Oh *Bella Franca*, were't thou not obſcur'd
Within a cloud and maske of pouerty,
Such fame ere this had thy rare vertues wonne,
Thus had thy beauty checkt th'all-ſeeing Sunne.
*Bell.* It is my brother *Euſtace*.
*Euſt.* View her well,
Imagine her but thus attir'd, and ſhee
Would *Bella Franca*, and my ſiſter be.
*Bell.* But ſtrip my brother from his Prentice cote,
His cap, his common ſouldiers baſe diſguiſe:
Euen ſuch a Gallant as this ſeemes to me,
Such would my brother, my ſweete *Euſtace* be.
*Euſt.* Siſter! *Bell.* Brother!
*Euſt.* Make me immortall then, by heauen I vow,
I am richer then the *Perſian Sophy* now.
*Bell.* All *Aſia* flowes not with more plenteous treaſure,
Then I, to embrace my brother, my hearts pleaſure.
How did you eſcape the waues? *Euſt.* How haue you paſt
The perillous Land, and croſt the Seas ſo vaſte?
*Bell.* Where are my brothers, *Euſtace*?
Oh, thoſe words,
Pierce to my heart like Darts, and pointed ſwords,
Omit theſe paſſions, ſiſter, they are dead.
But to forget theſe griefes, what youth is this?
*Fren.Lad.* Page to the Prince of *France*.
*Euſt.* 'Tis he I hate,
As chiefe occaſion of my baniſhment.

*Bell.* Yet my ſweete brother, doe not blame the youth,
Full well he hath demean'd himſelfe with me.
He neuer, ſince we entred in theſe woods,
Left me in my diſtreſſe; when we alone
Sit in theſe deſarts neuer by rude force
Did doe me the leaſt ſhame, or violence.
*Fren.Lad.* A good cauſe why I leade ſo chaſte a life,
A iealous man may truſt me with his wife.
*Euſt.* Well, ſirra, for your truth and honeſty
I pardon thee, though I deteſt thy Lord.
*Fren.Lad.* Then let me change my habite, gentle ſir,
Leaſt in this ſhape I chance to meete my Maiſter.
Then, if you pleaſe, I'le cloath me like a Lady,
And waite vpon your ſiſter in your Tent.
*Euſt.* Nay, if it pleaſe thee, I am well content.
*Fren.Lad.* My plot is good; well, howſoere it proue,
'Twill either end my life, or winne my loue.
*Euſt.* Come, beſt part of my ſelfe, we now will goe
To wayle our fortunes, and diſcourſe our woe.
I will diſguis'd vnto the famous ſiege,
And in theſe Armes make knowne my valours proofe:
You ſhall in ſecret in my Tent abide.
I to atchieue fame will my ſpirits employ,
After this griefe my heart diuines much ioy.

*Enter* Robert, *and* Tancred, Godfrey, *and* Charles, *with their Shields and Scutchions, Drumme and Souldiers,* Godfreyes *Shield, hauing a Maidenhead with a Crowne in it,* Charles *his Shield the Haberdaſhers Armes.*

*Rob.* Behold the high wals of *Hieruſalem,*
Which *Titus* and *Veſpaſian* once brake downe:
From off theſe Turrets haue the ancient Iewes
Seene worlds of people muſtring on theſe Plaines.
Oh Princes, which of all your eyes are dry,
To looke vpon this Temple, now deſtroy'd,
Yonder did ſtand the great *Iehouahs* Houſe,
In midſt of all his people, there he dwelt:

Veſſels

Veſſels of gold did ſerue his Sacrifice,
And with him for the people ſpake the Prieſts.
There was the Arke, the Show-bread, *Aarons* Rod,
*Sanctum, Sanctorum*, and the *Cherubines*.
Now in that holy place, where He himſelfe
Was perſonally preſent, Pagans dwell.
Falſe Gods are reard, each Temple Idols beares.
Oh who can ſee this, and abſtaine from teares?

*Godf.* This way, this path our Sauiour trode,
When he came riding to *Hieruſalem*,
Whilſt the religious people ſpred his way
With flowers, and garments, and *Hoſanna* cry'd.
Yonder did ſtand the great Church, where he taught,
Confuting all the Scribes and Phariſees.
This place did witneſſe all his miracles:
Within this place did ſtand the iudgement ſeate,
Where *Pontius Pilate* with the Elders ſate,
Where they condemn'd him to be whipt and crown'd,
To be derided, mockt, and crucified,
His hands bor'd through with nailes, his ſide with Speares.
Oh who can ſee this place and keepe his teares?

*Cha.* On yond ſide of the Towne he died for vs:
At whoſe departure all theſe wals did ſhake,
And the deſtroyed Temples vaile did rend:
The graues are to be ſeene, from which Ghoſts roſe,
There ſtood the Croſſe, there ſtands the Sepulcher:
The place ſtill beares the name of *Dead mens bones*.
And ſtill the Tombe our Saviours Liuery weares.
What eye can ſee it, and not melt in teares?

*Tan.* No ſouldier but ſhall looke with reuerence
vpon theſe faire and glorious Monuments.
To ſweare, or ſpeake prophanely ſhall be death.
I caſt my heart as low as to this earth,
And wiſh that I could march vpon my knees
In true ſubmiſſion, and right holy zeale.
Oh ſince our warres are His, abandon feares,
But in contrition weepe repentant teares.

*Rob.* Sound a Parlee; I ſee your hearts are fir'd,
Your ſoules with victory from heauen inſpir'd.

*Sound a Parlee, Enter vpon the walles*, Soldan, Sophy, Turnus, Morates. *Souldiers. Flouriſh.*

*Sol.* Why ſwarme theſe Chriſtians to our Citty wals?
Looke (forreiners) do not the lofty Spires,
And theſe cloud-kiſſing Turrets that you ſee,
Strike deadly terrour in your wounded ſoules?
Go Perſian, flouriſh my vermillion flag,
Aduance my Standerd high, the ſight whereof
Will driue theſe ſtragglers in diſordered rankes,
And in a hurly burly throng them hence.

*Per. Sop.* See how they quake, to view our Martiall lookes!
As when a ſturdy *Ciclops* reares aloft
A boiſterous Truncheon 'mongſt a troupe of Dwarfes.

*Godf. Soldan* and *Sophy*, ye damn'd hel-hounds both,
So quakes the Eagle to behold a gnat,
The Lyon to behold a Marmoſat.
I'le beard and braue you in your owne beliefe,
As when the heathen God, whom you call *Ioue*,
Warr'd with the Gyant, great *Enceladus*,
And flung him from Olympus two-topt Mount
The ſwaynes ſtood trembling to behold his fall,
That with his weight did make the earth to groane.
So, *Soldan*, looke, when I haue skald theſe wals,
And won the place where now thou ſtand'ſt ſecure,
To be hurl'd head-long from the proudeſt Tower,
In ſcorne of thee, thy falſe gods, and their power.

*Cha.* We will aſſaile you like rebounding Rocks,
Banded againſt the battlements of heauen:
Wee'le turne thy Citty into deſart plaines:
And thy proud Spires that ſeemes to kiſſe the Clouds,
Shall with their guilt-tops paue the miry ſtreetes,
As all to baſe to march vpon.
Seeſt thou this ſhield, how euer this deuice
Seemes not to ranke with Emperours; *Soldan*, know

This ſhield ſhall giue thy fatall ouerthrow.
*Sol.* Such peales of Thunder did I neuer heare,
I thinke that very words theſe wals will teare.
*Godf.* This ſhield you ſee, includes two myſteries;
A Virgine crown'd it is the *Mercers* Armes,
Withall the picture of my loue that's fled.
Both theſe I'le grace, and adde to them thy head.
*Sop.* Me thinkes I ſee pale death flie from their words:
Their ſpeech ſo ſtrong; how powerful are their ſwords!
*Cha.* Since firſt I bore this ſhield I quartered it
With this red Lyon, whom I ſingly once
Slew in the Forreſt; thus much haue I already
Added vnto the *Haberdaſhers* Armes.
But ere I leaue theſe faire *Iudaan* Bounds,
Vnto this Lyon I'le adde all your Crownes.
*Tur.* Send for ſome priſoners, martyre, torture them
Euen in the face of all the Chriſtian Hoaſt.
*Sol.* Shall it be ſo *Morates*, bring them forth.
*Rob.* No drop of bloud fals from a Chriſtian heart,
But thy hearts bloud ſhall ranſome.

*Enter ſome bringing forth old Bullen, and other priſoners bound.*

*Sol.* Bring them forth,
Deuiſe new tortures:
Oh for ſome rare Artiſt,
That could inuent a death more terrible
Then are the euerlaſting paines of hell,
*Old Bull.* Oh brethren, let not me moue you to ruth:
Happy is he that ſuffers for the truth.
The ioyes to come exceed the preſent griefe;
Secure your ſelues, for Heauen is my reliefe.
*Godf.* Why ſhrinks the warme blood from my troubled heart?
*Char.* Why ſtarts my haire vp at this heauy ſight?
*Godf.* Say father, are not you the Bullen Earle?
*Old Bul.* Faire ſonne, I was the happy Bullen Earle:
But now my ſonne ——
*Char.* Call no man ſonne but me.

Father,

Father, my ſword ſhall winne you liberty.

*Godf.* Peace forged Baſtard whatſoere thou be:
My renerend father, call none ſonne but me,
For in this ſword doth reſt thy liberty.

*Char.* Such mercy, as my ſword affoords to Pagans,
He findes that cals me baſtard; I am *Charles*,
Father you know me ſince I reskued you,
I am your onely ſonne, the reſt are dead.

*Old Bul.* I know thee *Charles*,

*Godf.* But father, I am *Godfrey*;
That by my valour haue regain'd your right:
Haue got your Dukedome from th'inſulting *French*,
And am my ſelfe inueſted *Bullens* Duke.

*Old Bul.* I know thee *Godfrey*. *Char.* *Godfrey!*

*Godf.* Brother *Charles!*
The confident aſſurance of thy death,
Made me to giue the lie to mine owne thoughts.

*Char.* The ſelfe-ſame ſtrong opinion blinded mee,
Elſe for my brother I had challeng'd thee:
Brother, you might haue knowne me by my Armes
Which I haue borne in honour of my Trade.

*Godf.* Ah, but the reſolution of thy death
Made me to looſe ſuch thought. *Rob.* Let vs reioyce,
And to your plauſiue fortunes giue our voyce.

*Godf.* Prince *Robert*, did the time affoord vs leaue,
We would diſcourſe the ſumme of our eſcapes:
But to our fathers reskue. *Char.* Yeeld him ſlaues.

*Sol.* Tuſh, we will keepe him ſpight of all your braues.

*Godf.* Be that our quarrell.

*Char.* With courage, courage ſtriues,
We fight for CHRIST, our father, and our liues.

*Sop.* Here ſtands my Enſigne, and by it a Crowne,
That you ſhall know the *Perſian* honourable, *Sets vp his Stan-*
He that can fetch this Enſigne, from the wals, *dard & Crowne.*
(Which I my ſelfe will guard) and leaue ſome token
Behind him, that his ſword hath conquered it,
He ſhall enioy them both.

*Sol.* And here ſtands mine, *Set vp his Standerd and Crowne.*
The *Babylonian* Emperours royall Standerd.
By it I plant the rich *Cicilian* Crowne,
Guarded by me and my all-conquering troupes.
He that but leaues a note he hath beene here,
And ſcapes vnſlaine, although he winne them not,
That *Chriſtian* will I honour. *Reb.* Drummes, alarum.
*Sol.* As loud and proud defiance our Drumme ſounds.
*Godf.* For CHRIST, my father, conqueſt, and two Crownes.
*Exeunt. Alarum.*

*The Chriſtians are repulſt. Enter at two ſeuerall dores,* Guy *and* Euſtace *climbe vp the wals, beate the Pagans, take away the Crownes on their heads, and in the ſtead hang vp the contrary Shields, and bring away the Enſignes, flouriſhing them ſeuerall wayes.*

*Enter* Soldan, Sophy, Moretes, Turnus, *with Souldiers.*

*Sol.* Now the firſt wall is wonne, the Enſignes ſeiz'd,
The Crownes ſurpriz'd, the Chriſtians haue the day:
What ſhall wee leaue the Towne? *All.* I leaue the Towne.
*Sop.* 'Tis beſt, 'tis beſt to take vs to the field.
*Tur.* I thinke 'tis beſt that wee make good the breach,
And haue no thought of marching towards the field:
We leaue a place of much ſecurity.
*All.* Why then make good the breach. *Sol.* It ſhall be ſo.
Gather our forces to make good the breach.
*Sop.* Tuſh, why ſhould we be pent vp in a Towne?
Let's ope the gates and boldly iſſue out,
Leauing ſome few Pikes to make good the breach.
What ſay you Lords? *Lords* Then let vs iſſue out.
*All.* Set ope the gates, and let vs iſſue out.
*Sol.* And ſo expoſe vs to the generall ſpoyle.
Keepe the gates ſhut, defend them manfully.
Theſe Chriſtians fight like diuells; keepe faſt the gates,
And once againe let vs make good the wall.
*All.* Make good the walls, make good the wals.

*Enter*

*Enter at one doore* Robert *and* Charles, *they meete* Euſtace *with his Trophee: Enter at another doore* Godfrey, Tancred, *they meete* Guy *with his Trophee.*

*Rob.* Triumphant honour honers are our Armes
What gallant ſpirit braue ly hath borne hence
The Emperours Standard, ſlaughtered his proud Guard,
And in the ſteed thereof hung vp his Shield?
*Euſt.* Witneſſe this royall Crowne vpon my head,
I ſiez'd the Enſigne, I hung vp that Shield.
*Godf.* What puiſſant arme ſnatcht hence the Sophies Standard?
*Guy.* This Crowne vpon my head, ſayes it was I.
*Char.* Forgetfull *Charles*, braue *Robert* ſee the Knight,
Whoſe valour freed vs from the Soldans hands.
*Rob.* Renowned Chriſtian, euer honoured be,
It was thy ſword procur'd vs liberty.
*Euſt.* By heauen not I, I neuer came in place,
Where *Robert* or that Gallant were diſtreſt:
But there are others thankeleſſe, whom I freed,
And now too proud forget that honoured deed.
*Godf.* 'Twas he releaſt vs; honoured ſtranger thankes,
But they are idle offrings from true hearts.
Prince *Tancred* and my ſelfe, owe thee our liues.
*Guy.* You mock me Princes, neuer did my ſword
Drinke drop of Pagans bloud to ſet you free:
But *Robert* and that Prince vnthankefull be.
Whoſe ſhield is that?
*Euſt.* Mine.
*Cha.* Then to you we owe
Thankes for our liues, the Pagans ouerthrow.
*Euſt.* The ſhield I challenge, but the act deny.
I neuer gaue you life or liberty.
*Godf.* Whoſe ſhield is that? *Guy.* Mine.
*Godf.* Then by thee we liue,
Thou didſt our deſperate liues and freedome giue.
*Guy.* What meane you Princes to deride a ſtranger?
Theſe eyes did neuer ſee you two in danger.

*Euſt.* Who owes that ſhield?
*Guy.* I; and who owes that? *Euſt.* I.
*Guy.* Thou know'ſt me then.
*Euſt.* Thankes fortune, that I do.
*Guy.* Haue at the ſlaue.
*Euſt.* Braue foe haue at thee too.

*Fight, and are parted by the Princes.*

*Godf.* What ere your quarrell be, contend no more
He drawes his ſword 'gainſt me that fights againe:
For I am foe to all diſſention.
*Cha.* So are we all, then end theſe warres in words,
The Pagans haue employment for your ſwords.
*Euſt.* For one blow more, take here my Crowne amongſt you,
Now that my ſpleene is vp, it will not downe,
I'le giue you all I haue for one bout more.
*Guy.* Lords take mine too: by heauen I'le pawne my life
Againſt the Soldans head, to bring it you,
So you will let vs try this maiſtry.
*Rob.* Kingdomes nor Crownes can hire it at our hands,
It ſhall not be, we ſay it ſhall not be.
What are you Lords? we charge you by his honour
Whom in your outward habite you profeſſe,
To tell vs both what and from whence ye are.
*Guy.* You charge vs deepely. I a baniſht man,
Whom you for mutiny expulſt the Campe,
Yet was I leader often thouſand French,
But though by you vnworthy of theſe warres.
Since my exile (Prince *Robert* view me well)
I freed you two from baſe captiuity.
'Twas I that brought you weapons in the woods,
And then you term'd me ſome Celeſtiall power,
But being now in ſafety, you forget
Your dangers paſt, and cancel'l that great debt.
*Euſt.* Nay I am ſure you long to know me too.
I am your Out-law brother, one of your Leaders,
Baniſht with him: that from the *Perſians* rage
Freed *Tancred*, and that valiant man at Armes;

How

How euer now they can forget my proweſſe.
What need you more, I am he that wonne this Crowne,
And from theſe high wals pluckt that Enſigne downe.
*Rob.* You haue redeem'd all your offences paſt,
Deſeruing beſt in this ſociety:
But when you feed me, you did beare that ſhield.
*Guy.* I did, but ſince exchang'd it with my foe.
*Godf.* And you did beare that ſhield.
*Euſt.* True, I did ſo.
Ah had I beene awake, thou know'ſt my minde,
Thou hadſt writ thy Ryme in bloud.
*Guy.* Thy words are mine.
*Char.* Leaue brother *Godfrey*, & the *Bullen* Duke:
*Euſt.* How! *Guy*, What!
*Char.* Do you not know theſe faces?
*Godf.* Brother *Charles*.
*Euſt.* Brother! *Guy. Charles!*
*Godf.* I'le queſtion with them, for may it not be
The might eſcape the ſeas as well as we?
I had a brother, ſir, reſembled you.
*Euſt.* I had a brother too reſembled you.
*Cha.* The *Bullen* Duke, if euer you haue heard
Of ſuch a man, had once a ſonne like you.
*Guy.* I, and another ſonne as much like you.
*Godf.* My brothers name was *Euſtace*.
*Euſt.* *Godfrey* mine.
*Guy.* That Duke cal'd his ſonne *Charles*.
*Char.* Mine cal'd his *Guy*.
*Godf.* My brother *Euſtace!*
*Euſt.* *Godfrey! Char. Guy!*
*Guy.* And *Charles! All.* Brothers!
*Rob.* This accident breeds wonders in my thoughts.
*Godf.* Oh let me curſe that head that enuied thee.
*Guy.* Nay curſe my heart that emulated thee.
*Euſt.* My brother Out-law, and my owne true brother!
*Cha.* For euer thus let vs embrace each other.
*Godf.* When I was caſt vpon the *Bullen* Strand,

I thought none had eſcapt the ſeas but I.

*Guy.* when I was throwne vpon the *French* Kings Coaſt,
I thought none had eſcapt the Seas but I.

*Char.* I thought the ſeas had fauour'd none but me,
Whan I attain'd the ſhores of *Italy*.

*Euſt. Ireland* tooke me, and there I firſt toucht ground,
Preſuming that my brothers all were drown'd.

*Rob.* Were ye the foure yong *London* Prentiſes,
That in the ſhips were wrackt on *Goodwins* ſands?
Were ſaid to haue periſht then of no repute?
Now come the leaſt of you to leade an Hoaſt,
And to be found the ſonnes to a great Duke?

*Godf.* Witneſſe my ſhield the Trade I haue profeſt,

*Guy.* Witneſſe my ſhield I am one amongſt the reſt.

*Cha.* Witneſſe thou mine.

*Euſt.* And witneſſe thou for me.

*Rob.* We witneſſe all your martiall chiualry.

*Euſt.* And now my foe-turn'd brother, end our hate,
And praiſe that Power Diuine who guides our ſtate.

*Guy.* Diuide we hands and hearts: what hatred reſts,
Powre out in Thunder on the Pagans creſts.

*Euſt.* Our ioyes are not at full, they ſhall not yet
Know where my ſiſter and their loue remaines,
Vntill theſe warres haue end. Oh had our Fate
Not laid our fortunes open, but a brother
Bene brought in triumph to a ſiſters bed,
Cloudes of deſpaire had maskt our Sunne of ioy.
Yet will I keepe her ſecret, and the rather,
To crowne our haps when we haue freed our father.

*Enter* Turnus.

*Tur.* Chriſtians once more defiance in my tongue,
Sounds diſmall terrour in your fearefull eares.
The Princes whom I ſerue, grieue they haue mur'd
Such an huge Army in a wall of ſtone,
And they are thus reſolu'd;
To leaue all place of ſcorn'd aduantages,

An

And in a pitcht field end this glorious Warre,
Say will yee meete them?

*Rob.* Though hee truſt his ſtrength,
Yet will we meete his forces face to face,
When the dry earth ſhall quaffe your bloods apace.

*Guy.* And tell the *Soldan* from a Chriſtian Prince,
That won from him theſe colours, and this Crowne,
In that pitcht field my head this Crowne ſhall beare,
And skarfe-like theſe athwart my breaſts I'le weare.

*Enſt.* This for the *Perſians* ſake I'le weare in ſight,
And vnder his owne Enſigne this day fight.

*Cha.* Goe tell the *Soldan* that he weares my crowne,
Fortune hath giuen it me, it is mine owne.

*Godf.* If thou haſt more to ſay concerning Warre,
Omit thy braues and trifling circumſtance:
Wee'le meete you ſooner then you can deſire:
Begone, begone, our hearts are all on fire.

*Tur.* Braue Lords, our conqueſts wil be honorable,
Becauſe we haue to deale with honoured foes:
Our pikes ſtand to receiue you like a Wood,
Wee'le ſlake our white ſteeds in your Chriſtian blood.

*Tan.* Prepare to meet them, and appoynt our powres,
This day the Citty and themſelues are ours.

*Rob.* Thou vnder whom we fight, this day defend vs,
For vnto thy protection we commend vs. *Exeunt:*

*Enter at one doore with Drumme and colours*, Soldan, Sophy, Moretes, Turnus, *and ſouldiers.*

*Sol.* Great Monarchs, Kings, and Princes of the Eaſt,
Yee come t'encounter with a valiant Foe;
Such as haue ſwomme huge Riuers, climb'd the Alpes:
That can endure ſharpe hunger; ſuch as ſhrinke not
To haue their bloods ſod with the dog-dayes heate,
Nor to be crudled with cold *Saturnes* Rod:
What honour were it for an hoaſt of Gyants,
To combate with a Pigmee Nation?

No, Lords, the foe we muſt encounter with,
Is full of ſpirit and maieſticke ſpleene,
Strong, hardy, and their hearts inuincible.
Deſtroy theſe, and you winne your ſelues a name,
And all the nations of the earth ſhall feare you.
*Sop.* The more renown'd the foe is, the more famous
Shall be our conqueſt, the more great their fall.
Come Lords, diuide we our battalions.
*Sol.* Be yours the Vaward.
*Sop.* I will giue the charge.
*Sol.* *Turnus*, haue you the Rere-ward, I the battell,
*Moretes*, thou this day ſhalt leade the horſe
Take thou the Cornet, *Turnus* thou the Archers,
Be thine the Guidon, I the men at Armes
Be mine this Enſigne.
*Sop.* Then mount our Canons, let our flanking peeces
Raile on the Chriſtian Army with wide mouthes,
For I this day will lead the forlorne hope,
The Camiſado ſhall be giuen by me.
*Tur.* Already they haue plac't their battery,
Their Ordnance ſtand fit to beate the Flankes.
*Sol.* My Cannoniers need no inſtruction.
Come let vs line our Pikes with Musketiers,
And ſo attend the Chriſtians fatall charge.

*Enter marching*, Robert, Tancred, Godfrey, Guy, Charles, Euſtace, *Drumme and Souldiers.*

*Rob.* Princes, this day we are eſpouſd to death:
A better place to die in, then this vale, in which our Sauiours
What man in all our Army could deſire? (Sepulcre remaines;
Speake, how haue you diſpoſ'd our Officers.
*Godf.* Your Grace is Captaine Generall of the Army.
*Guy.* And *Godfrey* you high Marſhall, and Maiſter of the
And as aſſiſtants you haue vnder you (Campe,
The Serieant Maior, Quarter-maiſter, Prouoſt,
And Captaine of the Spyons.

*Godf.*

*Godf.* My brother *Guy* chiefe Generall of the Horſe
To ſerue him his Lieutenant Colonell
Captaines and Skout-maiſters.
*Euſt* My brother *Charles* Generall of the Artillery,
Vnder him his Lieutenant commiſſaries of Munitions,
Gentlemen of the Artilery, Colonel of Pyoners,
Trench Maiſters, and carriage Maiſters.
*Cha.* My brother *Euſtace* Treaſurer of the Campe,
And vnder him the Auditors, Muſter-maiſters, & Commiſſaries.
*Euſt.* Prince *Tancred* is our Royall Secretary,
Without whom nothing is concluded on.
Thus are the ſpeciall Offices diſpos'd.
*Tan.* Princes, what order take you for the aſſault.
*Rob.* One halfe maintaine the battery beate the wals,
Whilſt the other keepes them play in the open fields.
*Godf.* We ſhall not need to blocke the breach with Forts,
Victuals and forage are at pleaſure ours.
Stockadoes, Palizadoes, ſtop their waters.
Bulwarkes and Curtaines all are batterd downe
And we are ſafe entrencht by Pyoners.
Our Caſe-mates, Caualiers, and Counterſcarfes,
Are well ſuruei'd by all our Enginers.
Fortifications, Ramparts, Parapets;
That we at pleaſure may aſſault the way,
Which leads vnto the gate *Antiochia.*
*Gu.* Whilſt you intend the wals, ſhall my bard horſe
Giue a braue onſet, ſhiuering all their Pikes,
Arm'd with their Greeues and Maces, and broad Swords,
Proofe Cuiraces, and open Burganets.
*Char.* Yet let vs looke our battell be well man'd,
With ſhot, Bi s, Halberds, and proofe Targettiers.
*Euſt.* No man but knowes his charge. Brothers and friends,
See where they ſtand for vs; this night ſhall hide
All their bright glory which now ſwels with pride.
*Sol.* Chriſtians? *Euſt.* Pagans?
*Sol.* Behold our Campe.
*Rob.* Soldan, ſuruey ours too.

*Sol.* From *Ganges* to the Bay of *Calecut*,
From *Turkey* and the three-fold *Araby*:
From *Sauxin* Eaſtward vnto *Nubia's* bounds,
From *Lybia* and the Land of *Mauritans*,
And from the Red Sea to the Wilderneſſe,
Haue we vnpeopled Kingdomes for theſe Wars,
To be reueng'd on you baſe Chriſtians.

*Rob.* From *England*, the beſt brood of martial ſpirits,
Whoſe wals the Ocean waſheth white as Snow,
For which you ſtrangers call it *Albion*:
From *France*, a Nation both renown'd and fear'd,
From *Scotland*, *Wales*, euen to the *Iriſh* Coaſt,
Beyond the pillars grat *Alcides* rear'd,
At *Gades* in *Spaine* vnto the *Pyrene* hils,
Haue we aſſembled men of dauntleſſe ſpirits,
To ſcourge you hence yee damned Infidels.

*Sop.* Within our troupes are ſturdy bands of *Moores*,
Of *Babylonians*, *Perſians*, *Bactrians*,
Of *Grecians*, *Ruſſians*, of *Tartarians*, *Turkes*,
Euen from the floods that grow from Paradiſe,
Vnto this place where the Brooke *Kedron* runnes.

*Guy.* Within our Troupes are *Engliſh*, *French*, *Scotch*, *Dutch*,
*Italians* of Prince *Tancreds* Regiment:
Euen from the Seas that wall in *Albion*,
As far as any Riuer or Brooke runnes,
That Chriſtians drinkes on, haue we people here.

*Tur.* To make our ſtreetes red with your Chriſtian blood.

*Cha.* To drowne you ſlaues in a Vermillion flood.

*Mor.* To burne your bodies o're your Prophets graue.

*Enſt.* To lead your Emperour captiue like a ſlaue.

*Sol.* To make your guide trot by my chariot Wheele.

*Tan.* To laſh your Armour with theſe Rods of ſteele.

*Sop.* Then to extirpe you all, yee *Perſian* powers,
Aſſiſt our courage, make the conqueſt ours.

*Rob.* Heauen match thy might with their, protect vs to,
To let this people know what thou canſt doe.

*Sol.* A charge, a charge, rayle drummes, and Cannons rore,
Chriſtians,

Chriſtians, at home your friends abroad deplore.
*Godf.* Chriſtians at home abroad our conqueſts fame;
Thou whom we truſt this day make knowne thy name.

*Alarum. Ioyne Battle: The Chriſtians are beaten off. The Soldan victoriouſly Leades off his Souldiers marching.*

*Enter* Charles *and* Godfrey *with Piſtols.*

*Cha.* O Heauen, that multitude ſhould more then manhood,
That we ſhould thus be borne downe with a preſſe,
Be throng'd and ſhouldered from the place we keepe!
*Godf.* For euery man we leade, the Foe hath ten,
Their weapons tops appeare aboue their heads,
In as thicke number as the ſpikes of graine
Vpon a well-til'd land: they haue more liues
Then all our tyred armes could ſend to death,
If they ſhould yeeld their bare breſts to our ſwords?
*Char.* What ſhal we do? we are encompaſt round,
Girded with thouſand thouſands in a Ring:
And like a man left on a dangerous rocke,
That waites the climbling tide riſe to deſtroy him:
What way ſo ere he lookes, ſees nought but Death:
So we; the bloody tide growes vp apace,
Whoſe wanes will ſwallow vs and all our race.
Where's *Guy* and *Euſtace?*
*Godf.* Gone to ſcale a Tower
In which our father lyes: Oh I did ſee them
Cut downe a wood of men vpon the ſuddayne:
Their ſwords cut Lances, as a Sythe cuts Graſſe;
Their valour ſeemes to me miraculous.
Thou Sauiour of the world, whoſe Croſſe we beare,
Infuſe our hearts with courage, theirs with feare. *Exeunt*

*Enter* Soldan, Sophy, *and ſouldiers.* *Alarum.*
*Enter* Guy *and* Euſtace *with their father.*

*Euſt.* A Syon, a Syon.

*Guy.* A *Ieruſalem:*
*Eust.* A father, and in him a Crowne of ioy.
*Guy* A *Syon*, a *Ieruſalem*, a father.
*Eust.* Through their Decurians, Centurions and Legions,
Captaines of thouſands, and ten thouſands guards,
We haue ventured euen vpon the Cannons mouth,
And ſcal'd the bulwarkes where their Ordnance plald.
The ſtrength of Armies triumphes in thoſe Armes,
We haue ſurpriz'd the Fortreſſe and the Hold:
My ſhield I haue had cut peece-meale from mine arme.
But now you would haue taken me for an Archer,
So many arrowes were ſtucke heere and here,
The Pagans thought to make a Quiuer of mee.
*Alarum enter Pagans*
See brother, how the fee freſh forces gather!
A *Syon*, a *Ieruſalem*, a father.

*Euery one by turne takes vp their father, and carries him:*
*Enter the two brothers, they aide and ſecond them.*
*And with a ſhout carry him away*

*Alarum: Enter* Soldan, Sophie.

*Sol.* An Enginer, call forth an Enginer.
*Sop.* Why, what to do, my Lord?
*Sol.* I'le make theſe Turrets dance among the Clouds,
Before the Chriſtians ſhall inhabite them.
*Sop.* Yet there is hope of conqueſt, fight braue *Soldan*.
*Sol.* Theſe Chriſtians rage, like ſpirits coniur'd vp,
Their thundring Ordnance ſpit huge clouds of fire,
They runne againſt the wals like iron rammes,
And beate them downe afore them with their breſts.
*Sop.* Fortune thou art too enuious of our glory,
Behold the two great'ſt Emperours of the earth,
The *Babylonian Soldan*, and great *Sophy*;
Vnueile thine eyes, and looke vpon our fals.
*Sol.* Fortune and fate, and death, the diuell and all,

*Enter*

*Enter Moretes and Turnus.*

Oppoſe themſelues againſt vs. Mow what newes?
*Mor.* Death *Sop.* What newes bring'ſt thou?
*Tur.* Confuſion.
*Sol.* Confuſion was once page vnto my ſword.
Is the day loſt? *Tur.* Loſt.
*Sol.* Muſt we needs deſpaire? *Mor.* Deſpaire.
*Sol.* We will not, we will die reſoluedly,
The Palace we will make a ſlaughter-houſe,
The ſtreets a Shambles, Kennels ſhall runne bloud,
Downe from Mount *Syon*, with ſuch hideous noiſe,
As when great ſhowres of water fals from Hils.
*Sop.* Through which way did they make irruption firſt?
*Tur.* Through the gate, cal'd *Antiochia*,
The ſelfe-ſame breach that Romane *Titus* made,
When he deſtroy'd this Citty, they burſt ope.
*Sol.* There is ſome vertue in the Croſſe they weare,
It makes them ſtrong as Lyons, ſwift as Roes.
Their reſolutions make them Conquerours.
They haue tane our Royall Standerd from the wals,
In place whereof they haue aduanc'd their Croſſe.
*Sop.* I will not I ſuruiue ſo foule a ſhame,
Once more vnite our powers, (I meane our ſelues)
For all powers elſe haue fail'd vs; brauely fight,
That our declining ſunne may make there night!

*Enter the foure brethen.*

*Sol.* Chriſtians, baſe Chriſtians, heare vs when we call,
Eternall darkneſſe ſhall confound you all.

*Alarum. The foure brethren each of them kill a Pagan King, take off their Crownes, and exeunt: two one way, and two another way. Retrait.*

*Enter* Robert, Tancred, Godfrey, Guy, Charles, Euſtace, *Old Duke*, *Drumme*, *Colours*, *and Souldiers.*

*Rob.* Now ſmoth againe the wrinkles of your browes,

And

And waſh the blood from off your hands in milke:
With penitentiall prayſes laude our God,
Aſcribe all glory to the heauenly powers,
Since *Syon* and *Ieruſalem* are ours.
*Tancr.* We do abhorre a heart puft vp with pride,
That attributes theſe conqueſts to our ſtrength:
'Twas Hee that ſtrengthned vs and weakned them,
And gaue vs *Syon* and *Ieruſalem*.
*Godf.* Thou that doſt muſter Angels in the skye,
That in thy ſelfe haſt power of Victory,
Make thy name ſhine, bright as the noone-tyde Sunne,
Since *Syon* and *Ieruſalem* are wonne.
*Old D.* My former want hath now ſufficient ſtore,
For hauing ſeene this, I deſire no more:
How faire and ſmooth my ſtreame of pleaſure runnes,
To looke at once on *Syon* and my ſonnes!
*Guy.* Showers of abundance raine into our laps,
To make repentance grow within our hearts:
What greater earthly bliſſe could Heauen powre downe,
Then *Syon*, our deare father, and this Towne?
*Cha.* Then to confirme theſe conqueſts Heauen hath giuen vs
Seal'd with the blood of Kings and Emperours;
Let vs elect a King, that may maintayne
Our honors with the deaths of Monarches ſlayne.
*Euſt.* Call foorth the Patriarch of *Ieruſalem*,
His right hand muſt bequeath that dignity.
*Godf.* With teares I ſpeake it, lagging in the trayne
Of the diſtreſſed *Soldan* he was ſlayne.
*Rob.* Prais'd be our God, we haue reueng'd his death:
Great Potentates conſort him to his graue.
*Char.* What man, for grauity and ſanctity,
May we thinke worthy of this honoured place?
*Rob.* Whoſe yeares, deuotion, and moſt ſacred life,
Better can fit that holy place, then his
Whoſe worthy ſonnes haue brought to end theſe wars?
Princes, ioyne hands, inueſt him all at once. *Flouriſh.*
*Old D.* My feruent zeale, bids I ſhould not deny:

It

It brings my ſoule to Heauen before I dye.
*Eu.* But Princes, whom will ye elect the King,
To guard this Citty from ſucceeding perill.
*Godf.* *Robert* of *Normandy*.
*Rob.* Oh choſe Prince *Tancred* rather.
*Tan.* Too weake is my deſert, and I refuſe it,
*Euſt.* Then put it too moſt voyces.
*All.* *Robert* of *Normandy*.
*Rob.* Princes, we thanke you for your loues:
But letters from *England* tell me *William's* dead,
And by ſucceſſion left the Crowne to me:
I ſay Prince *Godfrey* hath deſeru'd it beſt.
*Tan.* So *Tancred* ſayes.
*All.* And ſo ſay all the reſt.
*Godf.* Princes, yee preſſe me downe with two much honors,
And load a ſoule that cannot beare them vp:
Diſſwade me not, no counſell I will heare:
Behold a Crowne which *Godfrey* meanes to weare! *A crowne of thornes.*
This made the blood run from our Sauiors brow
No Crowne but this can *Godfreyes* heart allow.
Prayers are my pride, deuotion drawes my ſword,
No pompe but this can *Bullens* ſoule affoord:
My vow's irreuocable, ſtate I refuſe;
No other Crowne but this wil *Godfrey* chuſe.
*Tan.* If he refuſe the place, elect Prince *Guy*;
Moſt voices; ſhal he haue the Scepter? *All.* I.
*Rob.* Then crowne him ſtraight, and henceforth let his name
Be through the World cal'd *Guy* of *Leſſingham*:
All theſe deſire it, I conſent with them;
Long liue Prince *Guy*, King of *Hieruſalem*. *flouriſh.*
*Guy.* The crowne is burſt, and parted from my head,
I feare the heauens are angry with your choyce.
*Old D.* Son *Guy* they are not. By Diuine inſtinct
The heauens haue lent me a Propheticke ſpirit:
This ſhewes thy troublous Raigne, mutines from far,
Shal fright thy Townes and Prouinces with War.
*Guy.* If it be nothing elſe, crowne me agayne,

We haue a heart our Kingdome to maintayne:
What honours do my brothers heads awaite?
*Ro.* Prince *Euſtace*, you ſhal weare this crown of ſtate
Be King of *Sicil* and command that Iſle:
Lord *Charles*, the crowne of *Cyprus* longs to you,
That in the fight the King of *Cyprus* ſlue: *flouriſh.*
One general voyce at once proclaime them Kings.
*Char.* In memory of this ſolemnity,
Here wil I leaue this Scutchion borne by me:
That in what coaſt ſo e're my bones be layd,
This ſhield may be an honour to my Trade.
*Euſt.* Mine ſhal hang there, a trophie of my fame,
My Trade is famous by King *Euſtace* name.
*Guy.* In memory a King hath borne this ſhield,
I adde theſe Challices to this Argent Field.
*God.* In honour of my firſt profeſſion,
That ſhield in all theſe wars by *Godfrey* borne,
I crowne this Maids-head with a wreath of Thorne.
*Old D.* Oh were my daughter here thi⸗ ioy to ſee;
How light her ſoule! how glad would my heart bee?
*Tan.* Would I had now my loue.
*Gny.* Or I that Dame,
That addes to beauties Sunne a brighter flame.
*Rob.* Were the faire Virgin here, I would renowne
Her glorious beauty with the Engliſh Crowne.
*Euſt.* Princes, Ile fit you all, Lady come foorth.
*Enter* Bella Franca.
*Bell.* The louely Princes.
*Tan.* Faire Miſtreſſe!
*Char.* Lady! *Godf.* Madame!
*Guy.* Honoured Saint!
*Bell.* Nay pardon me, loue comes not by conſtraint;
But Princes, will you grant me patience,
Before I part, I meane to pleaſe you all.
Firſt holy Patriarch, tel me of all others,
Whom in the World you moſt deſire to ſee?
*Old D.* My daughter.

*Bell.*

*Bell.* Prince *Godfrey*, *Charles*, *Euſtace*, whom ſay you?
*All.* Next your ſelfe our ſiſter.
*Bell.* And whom you?
*Tan.* My loue. *Bell.* Who's that?
*Tan.* Your honoured ſelfe faire maide.
*Bel.* Nay, Ile make good the words that I haue ſaid:
Father, I giue a Daughter to your hand:
Brothers, behold, here doeth your ſiſter ſtand:
*Tancred* behold the Lady you once ceas'd,
Onely I leaue Prince *Robert* heere diſpleas'd.
*Old D.* My daughter *Bella Franca*!
*Brothers.* Siſter! *Tan.* Loue!
*Old D.* I am too happy, and too ful of ioy;
Heauen powers on me more good then I can beare;
I that before was ſtaru'd, now ſurfet heere.
*Rob.* Princes, and Lady, nothing can diſpleaſe vs,
For we pertake in all this glad content,
And with applauſe reioyce this accident;
*Tancred* reioyce, your loue, and you your friends,
Where you beginne with mariage, our loue ends:
Kings, and Kings peeres, to Heauen aſcribe the glory,
Whilſt we to Chronicles Report this ſtory.
*Guy.* Make loue vnto my ſiſter! tis moſt ſtrange,
Now *Guy* I would thou hadſt thy French loue here;
My heart would grant her what I then Refus'd;
Now hauing got this ſtate of dignity,
I grieue that I haue ſo obdurate beene,
But for amends would make her Syons Queene.
*Euſt.* And wel Remembred brother, I muſt now
Entreate you for a pretty boy your page,
That hath on ſome occaſion ſtray'd from you,
*Guy.* Oh brother, where's the Villaine?
*Euſt.* Pardon him, and I will tell you.
*Guy.* Great were th'offence, I would not cleare for you.
*Euſt.* The poore boy, brother, ſtayes within my Tent,
But ſo diſguis'd you cannot know him now,
For hee's turn'd wench; and but I know the wagge,

To be a boy, to ſee him thus transform'd,
I ſhould haue ſword he had beene a Wench indeed.
*Guy.* Pray, let me ſee him, brother in that habite,
I would not looſe the Villaine for more gold
Then *Syon* would be ſold for; he wil bluſh
To be tane tardy in his Maides attire.
*Euſt.* You haue pardoned him?
*Guy.* I haue. *Euſt.* Then *Iacke* appeare:
*Enter the* French *Lady.*
Nay bluſh not to be in your Womans geere.
*Guy.* Leape heart, dance ſpirit, be merry iocund ſoule,
Tis ſhe vndoubtedly.
*Lady.* You know me then!
*Guy.* I do, 'twas that diſguiſe,
That all this while hath blinded my cleere eyes.
*Euſt.* Fye, are you not aſham'd to kiſſe a boy,
And in your armes to graſpe him with ſuch ioy?
*Guy.* She is no boy, you do miſtake her quite.
*Euſt.* A boy, a Page, a wagtaile by this light:
What ſay you ſiſter?
*Bel.* Sure he told me ſo,
For if he be a maide, I made him one.
*Euſt.* Do not miſtake the ſex, man, for he's none,
It is a rogue, a wag, his name is *Iacke*,
A notable diſſembling lad, a Cracke.
*Guy.* Brother, 'tis you that are deceiu'd in her,
Beſhrew her, ſhe hath beene my bedfellow
A yeare and more, yet I had not the grace——
Brothers receiue a ſiſter; reuerent Father
Accept a daughter, whilſt I take a Wife,
And of a great Kings daughter make a Queene;
This is the beauteous Virgin, the French Lady,
To whom my fortune ſtill remaines in debt.
*Euſt.* A Lady, then I cry you mercy brother,
A gallant Bride, would I had ſuch another.
*Lady.* A wondrous change! ſhe that your Page hath beene
Is now at length transform'd to be your Queene:

Pardon

Pardon me *Guy*, my loue drew me along.
No ſhameleſſe luſt.
*Guy*. Faire Saint, I did you wrong:
If Fortune had not beene your friend in this,
You had not layne thus long without a kiſſe:
Father, embrace her; brothers; ſiſter, all.
*Old D*. This fortune makes our ioyes meere comical:
The fame of our ſucceſſe all *Europe* rings:
The Father, Patriarch, ſees his ſonnes all Kings.
*Rob*. The heauens are ful of bounty; then braue Princes
Firſt in the Temple hang theſe Trophies vp,
As a remembrance of your fortunes paſt:
You good old Father, weare your Patriarchs Robes,
Prince *Godfrey*, walk you with your Crown of thorns.
*Guy* with his Lady; *Tancred* with his Wife:
*Charles* with his Crown of *Cyprus*, and yong *Euſtace*
Crown'd with the rich *Sicilian* Dyadem:
I with the honour of the Pagans Deaths.
So in Proceſſion walke we to *Chriſts* Tombe,
With humble hearts to pay our Pilgrimes vowes:
Repayre we to our Countries, that once done,
Sir *Syon* and *Ieruſalem* are wonne.

*Exeunt omnes.*

FINIS.

# The Foure Prentiſes of London,

## VVith the Conqueſt of *Jeruſalem.*

As it hath beene diuers times acted at the Red-Bull, by the Queenes Maieſties Seruants with good applauſe.

*Written and newly reuiſed* by THOMAS HEYWOOD.

Printed at *London* by *Nicholas Okes.* 1632.

# To the Honeſt and High-ſpirited Prentiſes, the Readers.

NOne but to you (as whom this Play moſt eſpecially concernes) I thought good to Dedicate this Labour, which though written many yeares ſince, in my Infancy of Judgment in this kinde of Poetry, and my firſt practiſe: Yet underſtanding (by what meanes I know not) it was in theſe more exquiſite and refined times to come to the Preſſe, in ſuch a forwardneſſe ere it came to my knowledge, that it was paſt preuention, and then

knowing withall, that it comes ſhort of that accuratneſſe both in Plot and Stile, that theſe more Cenſorious dayes with greater curioſity acquire, I muſt thus excuſe. That as Playes were then ſome fifteene or ſixteene yeares agoe it was in the Faſhion. Nor could it haue found a more ſeaſonable and fit publication then at this Time, when, to the glory of our Nation, the ſecurity of the Kingdome, and the Honor of this Renowned Citty, they haue begunne againe the commendable practice of long forgotten Armes, the continuance of which I wiſh, the Diſcipline approue, and the encouragement thereof euen with my ſoule applaude. In which great and hoped good they deſerue not the leaſt attribute of Approbation: who, in the dull and ſleepy time of Peace, firſt waken'd the Remembrance of theſe armes in the Artillery Garden,

*den, which begun out of their* voluntary affections, *proſecuted by their* priuate Induſtries, and continued at their owne proper coſt and charge, *deſerues in my opinion not onely Reſpect and Regard, but recompence and reward. But to returne againe to you, my braue ſpirited* Prentiſes, *vpon whom I haue freely beſtowed theſe* Foure, *I wiſh you all, that haue their Courages and Forwardneſſe, their noble Fates and Fortunes,*

Yours,

Thomas Heywood.

# Drammatis Perſonæ.

The olde Earle of *Bulleigne*.
His foure ſonne { *Godfrey*. *Guy*. *Charles*. *Euſtace*.
*Bella Franca* his daughter.
An Engliſh Captayne.
*Robert* of *Normandy*.
The French Kings daughter.
*Tancred* a Prince of *Italy*.
The Soldane of *Babylon*.
The Sophey of *Perſia*.
Turnus.
Moretes.
A Chorus, or Preſentor.
Mutes.
The French King.
The Bullenois.
Bandetti.
Iriſhmen.
Ambuſhes of Pagans.
The Clowne.

THE

# The Prologue.

1 VVHat meane you, my maisters, to appeare thus before your times? doe you not know that I am the Prologue? Do you not see this long blacke velvet cloake upon my backe? Have you not sounded thrice? Do I not looke pale, as fearing to be out in my speech? Nay, have I not all the signes of a prologue about me? Then, to what end come you to interrupt me?

2 I have a prologue to speake too.

3 And I another.

1 O superfluous, and more then ever I heard of! three prologues to one play!

2 Have you not seene three ropes to tole one bell, three doores to one house, three wayes to one Towne?

1 I grant you: But I never heard of any that had three heads to one body, but Cerberus. But what doth your Prologue meane?

2 I come to excuse the name of the Play?

3 I the errours in the Play.

1 And I the Author that made the Play. Touching the name why is it called, True and Strange, or The foure Prentises of London? A Gentleman that heard the subiect discourst, said it was not possible to be true; and none here are bound to beleeve it.

2 Tis true, that Alexander at thirty two yeares of age conquered the whole world; but strange he should do so. If we should not beleeve things Recorded in former ages, wee were

*not worthy that succeeding times should believe things done in these our Ages.*

1 *But what authority have you for your History? I am one of those that will believe nothing that is not in the Chronicle.*

2 *Our Authority is a Manuscript, a Booke writ in parchment; which not being publicke, nor generall in the World, we rather thought fit to exemplifie unto the publicke censure, things concealed and obscur'd, such as are not common with every one, than such Historicall Tales as every one can tell by the fire in Winter. Had not yee rather, for nouelties sake see* Ierusalem *yee neuer saw, then* London *that yee see hourely? So much touching the name of our* History.

1 *You have satisfied me; and, I hope, all that heare it. Now what have you to speake concerning the* errours *in the play?*

3 *We acknowledge none: For the* errours *we could find, we would willing amend; but if these cleare-sighted Gentlemen with the eyes of their iudgments, looking exactly into vs finde any imperfections which are hid from our selues, our Request is, you would rather looke ouer them, then through them, not with a troubled eye, that makes one obiect to seeme two: but with a fauourable eye, which hath power in it selfe to make many to seeme none at all.*

1 *Oh now I vnderstand you. Three Prologues to our Play? pardon me, we have need of three hundred, me thinkes, and all little enough. But to end our beginning in a Word. Thus much by the patience of these* Gentlemen.

*Spectators, should you oppose your iudgements against vs: where we are three, which some would thinke too many; were we three thousand, we thinke our selues too few. Our Author submits his Labours to you, as the Authors of all the content he hath within this Circumference.*

*But for your sakes, this only we dare say,*
*We promist you, and wee'le performe a Play:*

THE

# The foure Prentiſes OF LONDON.

## *Actus primus, Scœna prima.*

*Enter the old Earle of Buloigne, and his daughter* BELLA FRANCA.

EARLE.

DAughter, thou ſeeſt how Fortune turnes her wheele.
Wee that but late were mounted vp aloft,
Lul'd in the skirt of that inconſtant Dame,
Are now throwne head-long by her ruthleſſe hand,
To kiſſe that earth whereon our feete ſhould ſtand.
What cenſuring eye, that ſees mee this deiect,
Would take this ſhape to bee that famous Duke,
Which hath made *Boloigne* through the world renown'd,
And all our race with fame and honour crown'd?

*Bell.* But father how can you endure a ſlaue
To triumph in your fortunes; and heere ſtand
In ſoule deiect, and baniſht from your land?

*Earle.* I tell thee Girle. The French King, and my ſelfe,
Vpon ſome termes grew in a ſtrange debate,
And taking carefull vantage of the time,
Whilſt I with all my powers, in aide of *William*

The Norman Duke, now English Conqueroure,
Was busily employ'd; hee fear'd my right,
Plotting another, and suppressing mine.
This is the ground of my exclamation.

*Bel.* If for King *Williams* like now Conqueroure,
You lost your birth-right and inheritance:
How comes it that hee lets you in this state,
And lifts not vp your fortunes ruinate?

*Earle.* A conquered Kingdome is not easily kept,
Hee hath so much adoe to guard his owne,
That mine is buried in oblivion;
And I am forc'd to loose the name of Earle,
And liue in *London* like a Citizen.
My foure sonnes are bound prentice to foure Trades.
*Godfrey* my eldest boy I haue made a *Mercer*,
*Guy* my next sonne, carol'd in *Gold-smithes* Trade;
My third sonne *Charles* bound to an *Haberdasher*:
Yong *Eustace* is a *Grocer*: all high borne,
Yet of the Citty-trades they haue no scorne.
Thus bare necessity hath made me seeke
Some refuge, to sustaine our pouerty.
And hauing plac'd my sonnes in such a sort,
The little wealth I haue left; I leaue to them:
My selfe will trauaile to the holy Land;
And ere I lie within the earths cold wombe,
Pay my deuoute vowes at my Sauiours Tombe.

*Bell.* Was that the cause you sent for my foure brothers?

*Earle.* Their wished sight will cheare my aged heart:
And I will blesse them all before I part.

*Enter Godfrey, Guy, Charles, and Eustace, like Apprentices.*

*Godf.* I wonder, brothers, why my father hath sent for vs thus early: that, all businesse set apart, wee must meete together this morning.

*Guy.* I know not the reason. I had much adoe to get leaue of my Maister to be spared from my attendance in the Shop, and

seruing

ſeruing of Cuſtomers.

*Cha.* 'Faith as ſoone as I heard but the meſſenger ſay, my father muſt ſpeake with mee: I left my Taskers to guard the Conduit; and away came I.

*Euſt.* I beſhrew him. I ſhould haue beene at breake-faſt with two or three good boyes this morning: but that match is diſappointed by this meeting.

*Bell.* See where my brothers are already come.

*Earle. Godfrey, Guy, Charles*, yong *Euſtace* all a-foote,
Diuide a fathers bleſſing in foure parts,
And ſhare my prayers amongſt you equally:
Firſt *Godfrey*, tell mee how thou lik'ſt thy Trade?
And knowing in thy thoughts what thou haſt been,
How canſt thou brooke to bee as thou art now?

*Godf.* Bound muſt obey: Since I haue vndertooke
To ſerue my Maiſter truely for ſeuen yeares,
My duty ſhall both anſwer that deſire,
And my old Maiſters profits euery way.
I prayſe that Citty which made Princes Tradeſ-men:
Where that man, noble or ignoble borne,
That would not practiſe ſome mechanicke skill,
Which might ſupport his ſtate in penury,
Should die the death; not ſufferd like a drone,
To ſucke the honey from the publicke Hiue.
I hold it no diſparage to my birth,
Though I be borne an Earle, to haue the skill
And the full knowledge of the *Mercers* Trade.
And were I now to be create a new,
It ſhould not griene me to haue ſpent my time
The ſecrets of ſo rich a Trade to know,
By which aduantage and great profits grow.

*Ear.* Well haſt thou done to ouercome thy fate,
Making thy minde conformed to thy ſtate.
How likes my *Guy*, the *Gold-ſmiths* faculty.

*Guy.* As a good refuge in extremity.
Say I be borne a Prince, and be caſt downe
By ſome ſiniſter chance, or fortunes frowne;

Say I be banisht: when I haue a Trade,
And in my self a meanes to purchase wealth,
Though my state waste, and towring honours fall,
That still stayes with mee in the extream'st of all.

*Earle.* What sayes my third sonne *Charles*?

*Char.* If I should say I would not brooke those bonds,
Which Heauen and fate, and you haue tied me in
You would be preaching disobedience.
Or should I say the Citty-trades are base
For such a great mans sonnes to take on them:
Your fatherly regard would straight aduise mee
To chastise my rebellious thoughts; and say,
Sonne, you by this may liue another day.
Therefore, as my two brothers, I reply;
You aske mee if I like it; I say I.

*Earle* What sayes my yongest boy?

*Eust.* Father, I say, Hawking is a pretty sport,
And Hunting is a Princely exercise;
To ride a great horse, oh, tis admirable!

*Earle.* *Eustace* I know it is: but to my question:
How canst thou brooke to be a Prentise, boy?

*Eust.* Mee thinkes I could endure it for seuen yeares,
Did not my Maister keeps me in too much.
I cannot goe to breake-fast in a morning
With my kinde mates and fellow-Prentises,
But he cries *Eustace*, one bid *Eustace* come:
And my name *Eustace* is in euery roome.
If I might once a weeke but see a Tilting,
Sixe dayes I would fall vnto my businesse close,
And ere the weekes end winne that idle day:
Hee will not let mee see a mustering,
Nor on a May-day morning fetch in May:
I am no sooner got into the Fencen-schoole,
To play a venew with some friend I bring;
But *Eustace*, *Eustace*, all the streete mst ring!
Hee will allow me not one howre for sport:
I must not strike a foote-ball in the streete.

Bue

But hee will frowne: not view the dancing-schoole,
But hee will misse me straight: not suffer mee
So much as take vp cudgels in the streete,
But hee will chide: I must not go to buffets;
No, though I bee prouoked; that's the hell,
Were't not for this, I could endure it well.

*Earle.* Sonnes, yee must all forget your birth and honours,
And looke into the times necessity.
I know yee are perswaded: Thinke not, sonnes, the names of
Prentice can disparage you.
For howsoeuer of you esteem'd they bee.
Euen Kings themselues haue of these Trades beene free.
I made a vow to see the holy Land,
And in the same my Sauiours Sepulcher.
Hauing so well dispos'd you; I will now
First blesse you Boyes, and then performe my vow.

*Godf.* With much ado, do I containe my spirit
Within these bands, that haue inclos'd me round.
Though now this case the noble Sunne doth shroud,
Time shall behold that Sunne breake through this clowd.

*Guy.* My *Genius* bids my soule haue patience,
And sayes I shall not be a Prentise long.
I scorne it not: but yet my spirits aime,
To haue this hand catch at the Crowne of Fame.

*Char.* An *Haberdashers* is the Trade I vse.
But the soft wool feeles in my hand like steele;
And I could wish each handcomes through my hand
Were turn'd into an Helmet; and each Helmet
Vpon a Souldiers head, for me to leade.
Warre is the walke which I desire to tread.

*Eust.* am a *Grocer*, Yet had rather see
A faire guilt sword hung in a veluet sheath,
Then the best Barbary sugar in the world;
Were it a freight of price inestimable.
I haue a kinde of promptung in my braine,
That sayes; Though I be bound to a sweete Trade,
I must forgoe it, I keepe too much in.

I would fast from meate and drinke a Summers day,
To see swords clash, or view a desperate fray.

*Earle.* Bridle these humours sonne, expell them clame,
And your high Spirits within your breasts containe:
Whilst I my tedious Pilgrimage prepare,
To spend my age in poverty and prayer.
My first-borne, first thus well; my second next:
*Charles, Eustace,* Daughter: Heare my blessings stay,
Your wishes heare me on my sacred way. *Exit.*

*Godf.* Euen to the place you trauaile, there to ascend
With those deuoute prayers you to heauen commend.
Brothers, since we are now as strangers here,
Yet by our fathers prouident care so plac'd,
That we may liue secure from penury:
So let vs please our Maisters by our care,
That we our ruin'd fortunes may repaire.

*Guy.* Brother, if I knew where to go to warre,
I would not stay in *London* one houre longer.

*Char.* An houre! By heauen I would not stay a minute.

*Eust.* A minute, nay a moment. Would you put a moment
Into a thousand parts, the thousandth part
Would not I linger, might I goe to warre.
Why, I would presently runne from my Maister,
Did I but heare where were a Drumme to follow,

*Bell.* would you so brother?

*Eust.* I good faith, sweet sister,
I would shew him as fine a paire of heeles, as light and nimble,
as any the neatest cork shoe in all the Towne turnes vp: I
would i' faith. *Bell.* And I cannot here alone?

*Guy.* Alone? why sister,
Can you be left alone 'mongst multitudes?
*London* is full of people euery where.

*God.* Well, leaue this iesting: wee forget our selues.
Sister, weele haue you to our fathers house,
T'enioy the small possessions left you there:
Returne we to our Maisters and our charge,
Lest seeking this our loytering to excuse,

With

With forg'd inuentions wee their eares abuſe.

*Sound a Drumme within ſoftly.*

I heare a Drumme. I haue as much power to ſit,
Sort out my wares, and ſcribble on a Shop-board,
When I but heare the muſicke of a Drumme,
As to abſtaine from meate when I am hungry.
I'le know what newes before I ſtirre a foote.

*Char.* By heauen I am enamoured of this tune,
'Tis the beſt Muſicke in the world to mee.

*Euſt.* My legs are marching ſtreight when I but heare it.
*Ran, tan, tan*: Oh I could lead a Drumme
With a good grace, if I but ſaw behind mee
And hundred ſouldiers follow in euen ranke.
Had I but here a band of men to lead,
Methinkes I could do wonders: Oh 'tis braue
To be a Captaine, and command to haue.

*Enter after a Drumme, a Captaine with a Proclamation.*

*Cap.* All Commanders, Captaines, Liefetenants, Gentlemen of Companies, Sergeants, Corporals, or common Souldiers whatſoeuer, that will accompany to the holy warres at *Hieruſalem*, *Robert* Duke of *Normandy* the Kings ſon: they ſhall haue pay and place, according to their deſerts. And ſo God ſaue King *William* Surnamed the *Conqueroure*.

*Exit Drumme and Captaine.*

*Euſt.* *Ran, tan, tan.* Now by S. *George*, he tell vs gallant Newes: I'le home no more; I'le runne away to night.

*Guy.* If I caſt Bole, or Spoone, or Salt againe,
Before I haue beheld *Hieruſalem*,
Let mee turne Pagan. *Char.* Hats and Caps adiew:
For I muſt leaue you, if the Drumme ſay true.

*Godf.* Nay then haue with you brothers; for my ſpirit
With as much vigour hath burſt forth as thine.
And can as hardly be reſtrain'd as yours.
Giue me your hands I will conſort you too:
Let's try what *London* Prentiſes can doe.

*Euſt.* For my Trades ſake, if good ſucceſſe I haue,

The

The *Grocers* Armes ſhall in my Enſigne waue,
*Guy.* And if my valour bring mee to command,
The *Goldſmithes* Armes ſhall in my colours ſtand.
*Godf.* So of vs all, that leaue in one Fleete
Lanch all together: and as wee are brothers,
So let vs enter zealous amity,
And ſtill preuaile by our vnited ſtrength.
Iknow our hearts are ioyes ſister Fare-well:
Truſt mee in vaine you ſhould perſwade our ſtay:
For wee are bent, conſort vs with your prayers.
*All.* Farewell. *Bell.* Farewell. *Godf.* God.
*Guy.* Heauen. *Char.* Fate. *Enſt.* Fortune.
*Godf.* Make vs happy men. To win. *Guy.* Weare.
*Char.* Vanquiſh. *Enſt.* Ouercome. *Exeunt.*
*Bell.* Amen.
Haue you all left mee midſt a world of ſtrangers,
Here onely to my ſelfe: not to protect me,
Or to defend me from apparant wrong?
Sinc it is ſo, I'le follow after you:
In ſome diſguiſe I will purſue their ſteps,
And vnto Heauen and fortune yeeld my ſelfe.
Toward ſea they are gone, and vnto ſea muſt I,
A Virgines vnexpected fate to try. *Exit.*

*Enter marching Robert of Normandy, the Captaine, the fou*
*brethren, Drumme, and Souldiers.*

*Enter the Preſenter.*

*Pre.* Thus haue you ſeene theſe brothers ſhipt to Sea,
Bound on their voyage to the holy Land,
All bent to try their fortunes in one Barke.
Now to auoide all dilatory newes,
Which might with-hold you from the Stories pith,
And ſubſtance of the matter wee entend:
I muſt entreat your patience to forbeare,
Whiſt we do feaſt your eye, and ſtarue your eare.
For in dumbe ſhews, which were they writ at large
Would aske a long and tedious circumſtance:

The

Their infant fortunes I will ſoone expreſſe,
And from the truth in no one point digreſſe.
Yee haue ſeene the father of theſe foure faire ſons,
Already gone his wearyd ilgrimage:
*Godfrey*, *Guy*, *Charles*, and *Euſtace*, preſt to ſea
To follow *Robert* Duke of Normandy.
Imagine now yee ſee the aire made thicke
With ſtormy tempeſts, that diſturbe the Maine,
And the foure windes at warre among themſelues:
And the weake Barkes wherein the brothers ſaile,
Split on ſtrange rockes, and they enforc't to ſwim:
To ſaue their deſperate liues: where what befell them
Diſperſt to ſeuerall corners of the world,
We will make bold to explaine it in dumbe Show:
For from their fortunes all our Scene muſt grow.

*Enter with a Drum on one ſide certaine Spaiards, on the other ſide certaine Citizens of Bullen: the Spaniards inſult vpō thē, and make them do them homage; to the Citizens enter* GODFREY *as newly landed & halfe naked, conferres with the Citizens, & by his inſtigation they ſet vpon the Spaniards, & beate them away, they came to honour him, and he diſcloſeth himſelfe vnto them; which done, they Crowne him, and accept him for their Prince: and ſo Exeunt.*

Thoſe Cittizens you ſee were *Bullonoyes*,
Kept vnder bondage of that tyrannous Earle,
To whom the French King gaue that ancient ſeate,
Which to the wronged Pilgrim did belong.
But in the height of his ambition,
*Godfrey*, by ſhipwracke throwne vpon that Coaſt,
Stirres vp th'oppreſſed Citty to reuoult:
And by his valour was th'vſurper ſlaine;
The Citty from baſe bondage free'd againe.
The men of *Bullaigne*, wondring what ſtrong hand
Had beene the meanes of their deliuerance,
Beſought him to make knowne his birth and ſtate:
Which *Godfrey* did. The people, glad to ſee

Their naturall Prince procure their liberty,
Homage to him, create him Earle of *Bulloigne*;
And repoſſeſſe him in his fathers ſeate.
Where we will leaue him hauing honour wonne;
And now returne vnto the ſecond ſonne.

*Enter the King of France, and his daughter walking: to the* Guy *all wet. The Lady entreateth her father for his entertainment: which is granted; & rich cloathes are put about him: & ſic Exeunt.*

As the French King did with his daughter walke
By the Sea-ſide: from farre they might eſpy
One on a raftor floate vpon the waues,
Who as he drew more neere vnto the ſhore,
They might diſcerne a man, though baſely clad,
Yet ſparkes of honour kindled in his eyes.
Him at firſt ſight the beauteous Lady loues;
And prayes her father to receiue him home:
To which the King accords; and in his Court
Makes him a great and ſpeciall Officer.
There leaue we *Guy* a gallant Courtier prou'd,
And of the beauteous Lady well belou'd.

*Enter Bandetto's, with the Earle priſoner:* Exeunt *ſome of them with him to priſon: Enter* CHARLES *all wet with his ſword; fights with the reſt, and kils their Captaine: They yeeld and offer to make him their Captaine, to which hee agrees:* & ſic exeunt omnes.

*Charles* the third ſonne, is by the winds and waues
Borne on a Plancke as farre as *Italy*,
And lands iuſt at a lofty Mountaines foote:
Vpon whoſe top a many out-law'd Theeues,
*Bandetti, Brauoes*, ſuch as keepe in Caues,
Made their abode. This crue aſſailes young *Charles*:
Who in the bickering ſtrikes their Captaine dead.
They wondring at his valour, and being now
Without a Leader, humbly ſeeke him
To be their Chieftaine, and command their ſtrength;
Which at their earneſt ſuite hee vndertakes.

Wee leaue him there, thinking his brothers Drown'd,
Nor knowing yet his father there lyes bound.

*Enter a Coarse, after it Irishmen mourning, in a dead March: To them enters* Eustace, *and talkes with the chiefe Mourner, who makes signes of consent, after buriall of the Coarse, and so Exeunt.*

*Eustace*, the yongest of the foure, was cast
Vpon the coast of *Ireland*: and from thence
Hee comes to trauaile to *Hierusalem*,
Supposing his three brethren drown'd by Sea.
Thus haue you seene these foure, that were but now
All in one Fleete, a many thousand Leagues
Seuer'd from one another: *Guy* in *France*,
*Godfrey* in *Bulloigne*, *Charles* in *Italy*,
*Eustace* in *Ireland* 'mongst the *Irish* kernes.
Yet Gentlemen, the selfe same winde and fortune
That parted them, may bring them once to meete:
Their sister followes them with zealous loue:
Be patient, yee will wonder when they meete.
Foure *London* Prentises will ere they Die,
Aduance their towring fame aboue the skye;
And winne such glorious praise as neuer fades
Vnto themselues and honour of their trades:
Grant them your wonted patience to proceede,
And their keene swords shall make the Pagans bleede. *Exit*

*Enter* Guy, *and the Lady of* France.

*a Lady.* Fie stranger, can a skinne so white and soft
Couer an heart obdurate, hard as flint?
Since I first saw thee floating on the Waues,
The fire of loue flew from your radiant eye,
Which like a Sunne-beame pierc'd vnto my heart.

*Guy.* Sweete Lady, all my powers I owe to you:
For by your fauour I ascend this height,
Which seates me in the fauour of a Prince.
A Prince, that did hee know me, in the stead *priuate to himselfe.*
Of doing me honour, would cut off my head:

Hee did exile my Father: cast mee downe;
And spurd with enuious hate, distrest vs all:
Since he was then, and the deuouring Seas,
Hauen rob'd ame of my brothers, and none left
Of all my fathers sonnes alive but I:
Take this aduantage, and bee secret, *Guy:*
Meete this occasion, and conclude with fate,
To rayse againe thy fathers ruin'd state.
*Lady.* Fie niggard, can you spend such precious breath,
Speake to your selfe so many words apart;
And keepe their sound from my attentiue eare,
Which sane your words no musicke loues to heare?
*Guy.* What would you haue mee say?
*Lady.* Would I might teach thee!
Oh that I had the guidance of my tongue! *priuate.*
But what would that auaile thee foolish Girle?
Small hope in those instructions I should finde,
To rule your tongue, if not to guide your minde.
*Guy.* My tongue, my thoughts, my heart, my hand, my sword
Are all your seruants, who hath done you wrong?
*Lady.* I doubt not of your valour. But resolue mee
And tell me one thing truely I shall aske you.
*Guy.* Bee't not my birth, no question I'le deny:
Doubt not my truth for honour scornes to lye.
*Lady.* I doe beleeue you: faire Knight do you loue?
*Guy.* To ride a horse as well as any man:
To make him mount, curuet, to leape, and spring:
To chide the bit, to gallop, trot the ring.
*Lady.* I did not aske you if you loue to ride?
Something I meane; which though my tong deny,
Looke on me, you may reade it in mine eye.
But doe you loue?
*Guy.* To march, to plant a battle, lead an Hoast,
To bee a souldier and to goe to Warre,
To talke of Flankes, of Wings, of shouces, holds;
To see a sally, or to giue a Charge,
To leade a Vaward, Rereward, or maine Hoast:

By

By heauen I loue it as mine owne deere life.

*Lady.* I know all this; your words are but delaies:
Could you not loue a Lady that loues you?
Tis hard when women are enforc'd to wooe. *Priuate.*

*Guy.* Where is my man to bring me certaine newes,
The Kings Commission sends me to the warres:
The villaine loyters in my businesse.

*Lady.* All this is from the matter gentle Knight:
The Kings Commission may be sign'd at leasure:
What say you to my question?

*Guy.* You would haue me tell you true.

*Lady.* Either speake true, or do not speake at all.

*Guy.* Then as I am true Knight I honour you,
And to your seruice will espouse my sword.
I wish you as I wish the glorious Sunne,
That it may euer shine: without whose lustre
Perpetuall darkenesse should o're-shade the earth.
But tell me Lady, what you meane by loue.

*Lady.* To loue a Lady, is with heart entire,
To make her Mistresse of his whole desire:
To sigh for her, and for her loue to weepe;
As his owne heart her precious fauours keepe:
Neuer bee from her, in her bosome dwell;
To make her presence Heauen, her absence Hell:
Write Sonnets in her prayse, admire her beauty:
Attend her, serue her, count his seruice duty:
Make her the sole commandresse of his powers,
And in the search of Loue, loose all his howres.

*Guy.* Tis pretty for some foole that could endure it:
How neere am I into this loue, sweete Lady?
I loue to mount a Steed, whose heauy trot
Crackes all my sinewes, makes my Armour crash:
I loue to march vpto the necke in Snow:
To make my pillow of a cake of ice,
That in the morning, when I stretch my limbes,
My haire hangs thicke with dropping isicles,
And my bright armes be frozen to the earth:

I loue to ſee my face beſmear'd in blood:
To haue a gaping Wound vpon my fleſh,
Whoſe very mouth would make a Lady ſound:
I loue no chamber-muſicke, but a Drumme,
To giue mee hunts-vp. Could your Grace endure
To lye all night within a ſheete of maile,
By a drawne ſword that parts not from my ſide,
Embrace a body full of Wounds and skarres,
And heare no language but of blood and Warres?
Such is my life, ſuch may my honour proone:
Make warre a Lady, I that Lady loue.

*Lady.* Fie, fie, you run quite from the Byas cleane,
To loue that deerely, which wee hate ſo deadly:
If loue and I be one, you hate vs both.

*Guy.* Then can I loue no Lady by my troth:
Madame fare-well: for vnder my command
The King your father ſends ten thouſand men,
To winne the holy Towne *Hieruſalem.*
Thither muſt I, eſteeming your high honour
Like a bright Comet and vnmatched Starre,
But loue no woman in the World, ſaue War. *Exit.*

*Lady.* Go flint, ſtrike fire vpon thy enemies ſteele,
Whilſt I deſcend one ſtep from fortunes wheele:
Thou goeſt before, loue bids me follow after:
By thee, the King thy Lord muſt looſe his Daughter. *Exit.*

*Enter* Charles *like an Out-law, with Bandettoes and Theeues, and with the Clowne.*

*Char.* Theeues, and good fellowes, ſpeak what ſhould I cal you?
There's not a rogue among you that feares Heauen,
Nor one that hath a touch of honeſty.
Robbers, and Knaues and raſcals all together,
Sweete conſort of vild Villaines, liſt to me.
Am not I well preferr'd to become Captaine
Vnto a crew of ſuch pernicious ſlaues?
I ſhall haue ſuch a coyle to make you Chriſtians,
And bring you to ſome ſhape of honeſty,

that ere I do it, I ſhall make your bodies
Nothing but ſcarre-crowes, to hang round theſe Trees.

*Clowne.* Braue Captaine couragious whom death cannot daunt; wee haue beene all Gentlemen and Houſe-holders; But I was baniſht for nothing but getting of Baſtards; but this fellow fled from *Venice*, for killing a man cowardly on the *Rialto*; ſome for one villany, and ſome for another. Our Captaine that you killed, and now ſupply his place, poiſoned a worthy Marchant in the City with rateſ-bane; and flying hither, for his valour we made him our Generall. But now braue *Canallero*, to thee alone wee ſing *Hononero*.

*Char.* Well, I muſt haue you now turne honeſt Theeues:
Hee that commits a rape, ſhall ſure be hang'd:
Hee that commits a murder, ſhall be murdered
With the ſame weapon that did act the deed.
Hee that robbes pilgrimes, or poore Trauellours,
That for deuotions ſake do paſſe theſe Mountaines,
Hee ſhall bee naked tyed to armes of Trees,
And in the dayes heate ſtung with Waſpes and Bees.
Yet ſlaues, I'le teach you ſome ciuility,

*Clowne.* Captaine, what ſhall hee be done withall, that lies with a wench with her will, if hee be hung that lies with one againſt her will. *Char.* I'le haue him whipt.

*Clowne.* See, ſee, I thinke the Captaine hath beene a Cooke in his time, he can fit ſweete meate with ſowre ſance. But what a foole is our Captaine, to preſcribe Lawes to Out-lawes? If we would haue kept the Lawes before in the City, wee needed not to haue beene driuen now to leade our liues in the Country. But Captaine, ſince you are our Captaine, we will reſigne vnto you all our treaſures and priſoners, and our ſpoiles. Take poſſeſſion of them in *Ones* name, that came to vs in the deuils name.

*Cha.* Your priſoners, ſpoiles, and treaſure all bring forth,
That I may ſeize them as mine owne by right;
As heire to him whom I haue ſlaine in fight.

*Enter the Theeues bringing in the old Earle bound.*

*Earle.* Villaines I know you drag me to my death:

And

And yee ſhall do me an exceeding pleaſure.

*Char.* I am deceiu'd but I haue ſeene that face.

*Vill.* Come, come you old gray-beard, you muſt before our Captaine: if hee ſay *Viue* then liue; if not, thou dieſt if thou were his father.

*Char.* Villaine, thou lieſt if thou wert my brother;
He ſhall not die. Vpon your low knees fall,
And aske him pardon, or Ile hang you all.

*Ear.* Twixt ioy and feare amaz'd in heart I ſtand;
Doth my ſonne *Charles* lead this vnruly band.

*Char.* Your onely ſonne, and all the ſonnes you haue,
And borne his fathers deſperate life to ſaue.

*Ear.* How camſt thou here? why doſt thou call thy ſelfe
My onely ſonne? hauing three brothers more,
Which vnto me thy beauteous mother bore,

*Char.* Once we were foure, all fellow-prentiſes;
And after fellow-ſouldiers, preſt to ſerue
The good Duke *Robert* in his holy warres.
But in a ſtorme, our ſhips ſo brauely man'd,
Were wrackt; and ſaue my ſelfe none ſwamme to land.
They periſht there: I by the waues and winds
Was driuen vpon this Coaſt of *Italy*,
Where landing naked, ſaue my truſty ſword,
This crue of old *Bandetto's* ſeruponme:
But in the dangerous fight, by chance I ſlue
The luckleſſe Captaine of this damned crue:
Who ſince haue made me Captaine, here to ſtay,
Till fortune grant me a more proſperous way.

*Earle.* Mine eies haue vow'd to die the ſelfe ſame death
My ſonnes haue done: ſonne let me weepe a while,
To bring the like deſtruction to my eyne;
Theſe in ſalt teares; they in a ſea of brine.

*Clowne.* Is this our Captaines father? what villaines were we to vſe him ſo roughly?

*Vill.* If the old fornicator had but told vs ſo much, wee ſhould haue had the grace, either to haue ſet him free, or fortune to haue vſde him more gently.

*Char.*

*Char.* Since father we haue met this happy day,
Secure with me amongſt theſe Out-lawes ſtay.
*Earle.* Not for the world, ſince I haue loſt my ſons,
All outward loyes are from my heart remoou'd:
Vaine pleaſures I abhorre, all things defie,
That teach not to deſpaire, or how to dye,
Yet ere I leaue the World, I vow to ſee,
His holy bleſſed tombe that died for mee.
*Cha.* Then take along with you this bag of gold,
To beare your charge in euery Inne you come:
Deny it not, reliefe is comfortable.
*Earle.* Thanks my deere ſon, expence it wil defray,
And ſerue to deale to poore men by the way:
And now fare-well ſweet *Charles*, thou all my ſonnes,
For now the laſt ſand in my houre-glaſſe runnes.
*Cha.* Yee two conduct him ſafe beyond the mountains.
*Vil.* Shall I be one? *Clo.* And I another?
*Cha.* Yee know the paſſages, bee it your charge.
*Vil.* I am glad the ſilly man is weake and old:
By heauen my fingers tickle at his gold.
*Clo.* Olde man is your purſe afloate?
I haue vow'd to cut his throate,
But to haue it euery groate. *Exeunt.*
*Cha.* And now returne wee to ſuruey our Caue,
Peruſe our treaſure got by rape and ſpoyle,
Though wonne by others, yet poſſeſt by vs:
Yet hencefoorth ſhall bee vſde no violence:
I'le make theſe villaines worke in ſeuerall trades,
And in theſe Forreſts make a Common-wealth.
When them to ciuil nurture I can bring,
They ſhal proclaim me of theſe mountains King. *Exe.*

*Enter* Euſtace *and his Iriſhman.*

*Euſt.* I think theſe vpright craggy mountaine tops,
Are (if the truth were knowne) high way to heauen:
For it is ſtreight, and narrow, and ſome places
Are for the ſteepneſſe, inacceſſible.
Faire fall a rafter, and a gale of Winde,

Or I had gone to Heauen away by Water
Neerer then this by Land; that way they found,
Who in the ſalt remorſeleſſe ſeas were drown'd,
My brothers, whom I dreame on when I ſleepe,
And my eyes waking at their fortunes Weepe.
Forgetting them, the friendly *Iriſh* coaſt
Gaue me ſafe harbor; thence I haue trauail'd hither
Euen to theſe lofty hils of *Italy*,
After Prince *Robert* Duke of *Normandy*.
'Tis ſafer ſitting in my maiſters ſhop,
Crying what lacke you, then 'tis here to ſtay,
To Wolues and wilde beaſts to be made a prey.

*Iriſh.* Maiſter, ſo Criſt me ſaue, I ſhal waite on thee, wake for thee when thou ſleepeſt, runne for thee when thou bideſt, and flye a thy errands, like a narrow from a bow, when thou wanteſt Wine, or meate, to drinke or eate, or any other neceſſary prouiſion:
Now I haue left my beſt friend in the graue,
My friendſhip and my ſeruice you ſhall haue.

*Euſt.* Wel, fortune hath preſeru'd me to ſome end:
It is for ſome thing, that I did not ſinke,
When the ſalt waues my mouth and eares did drinke:
I might haue fed the Haddockes; but ſome power,
Is my good maiſter, and preſerues me ſtil:
Wel, ſword in all my troubles ſtand me by,
Thou art bound to winne me ſomewhat ere I dye.

*Enter the* Clowne *and the Villaine, dragging the old Earle violently and rifling him.*

*Clowne.* Giue vs the gold my Captaine gaue you, you olde Anatomy.

*Vil.* Gray-beard deliuer, or you are but Dead.

*Ear.* Take it my friends, ful little needes this ſtrife,
Firſt take the gold, and after take my life.

*Clo.* Nay you old iack a Lent, ſixe weeks and vpwards: thongh you be our Captaines father, you cannot ſtay there, and for ſurety that you ſhal not go backe, and tel him what we haue done to you, we'le kill you, and fling you into ſome cole-pit.

*Vil.*

*Vill.* Content, and when wee haue done, wee wil returne
him Word we haue conducted thee paſt al danger of the moun-
taines: And now prepare thee for the fatal ſtroke.
*Earle.* Thou doeſt mee a great kindneſſe, let it come:
Heauen take my ſoule, now when thou wilt ſtrike home.
*Euſt.* Hee ſtrikes his owne ſoule downe to *Erebus*,
That lifts a ſword that ſhal but touch his haire.
*Iriſh.* And by Saint *Patricke* i'le make him garter his hoſe
with his guts, that ſtrikes any ſtroake heere.
*Clow.* Whom haue wee heere? a Gentleman and his Water-
ſpaniel? Let's rob them too, and after kil the gray-beard.
*Vil.* Content, content. Sirra ſtand.
*Euſt.* Yes I will ſtand, baſe Wretch, when thou ſhalt fall:
And ſtrike thee Dead, and trampling on thy bulke
By ſtamping with my foote cruſh out thy ſoule:
Take that you ſlaue, for bidding *Euſtace* ſtand.
*He beates them both away.*
Now father go in peace. *Ear.* Thankes my faire ſon,
By whoſe ſtout valour I haue freedome wonne:
I can beſtow vpon you nought but thankes,
Vnleſſe you wil diuide this gold with me.
*Euſt.* No, father, keepe it; thou art olde and poore:
But when I want, my ſword ſhal purchaſe more. *apart*
*Ear.* By vewing him my former griefes abound, *to himſelf.*
Euen ſuch a one was *Euſtace* that was Drown'd:
Which had he liu'd, his ſtature, yeares, and all,
Would haue reſembled his, ſo ſtreight, ſo tall,
So faire, ſo ſtrong, of ſuch a worthy ſpirit;
But his bleſt ſoule, by this, doth Heauen inherit:
Griefe for his Death ſo neere my heart doth Dwel,
That for my life I cannot ſay fare-well. *Exit.*
*Euſt.* The Captains father, whom the ſlaues had kil'd
Had not our comming interuented them,
Reſembles mine in geſture, face, and looke:
But the olde Earle my father is by this
Within the Wals of faire *Ieruſalem*:
Elſe had I ſurely tooke this aged man

I haue askt him bleſſing. But what next enſues?
I finde theſe Mountaines will be full of newes.

*Enter* Charles, Clowne, *Villaine, and the crew.*

*Clow.* Captaine, a prize! wee two were aſſailed by two hundred, and of them two hundred, we kild all but theſe two: theſe are the remainder of them that are left aline.

*Char.* Goe two or three of you, and feteh them in;
If they reſiſt you, take their Weapons from them.

*Clo.* I had rather ſome body elſe ſhould attempt them then I now: But ſince there is no other remedy, giue me three or foure of the ſtouteſt of our crew, and then *Ioue* and St. *Anthony*.

*Euſt.* More theeues and villaines haue begirt vs round;
Now *Euſtace*, for the honour of thy name,
Returne them to their Captaine backe with ſhame.

*He ſets vpon them all, and beates them.*

*Char.* Now by mine honor, the beſt peece of fleſh
That euer in theſe Woods held Out-law play;
Euen ſuch a ſpirit had *Euſtace* when he liu'd:
We muſt not looſe this Gallant, if we can,
Wee'le ſtriue to make him our companion.

*Euſt.* Yee ſlaues, ile beate you all into a mouſe-hole;
And like a baited Lyon at a ſtake,
Kill all the curres that come but neere to bite:
Yee Guls, haue yee no better men amongſt you?
Defie your Captaine from me: here I ſtand,
To dare him to a combat hand to hand.

*Char.* I were a Baſtard, not my fathers ſonne
Should I refuſe it.

*Euſt.* By all the Land I haue left me in the World,
That's but my graue: Captaine thou honoreſt me.

*Char.* By all the wealth I brought into thoſe woods,
That's but my ſword, thou doſt the like to me:
Thou ſhalt haue faire play, Gallant, by mine honour.

*Euſt.* Falſe was my mother to my fathers bed,
If I ſhould aske more oddes of *Hercules*.

*Char.* He dies vpon my ſword, diſturbes our fray.

Or

Or in the fight dares diſaduantage thee.
*Eu.* Were I the worlds-commanding *Alexander*,
I would make thee my *Epheſtion* for that Word:
Iloue thee for thy valour, Captaine thiefe.
*Char.* Iis that preſerues thee from our violence,
An honour'd minde lies in this Out-lawes ſhape,
So much I reckon of thy chiualry,
That wert thou maiſter of an *Indian* Mine,
Thou ſhould'ſt not be diminiſht one denier:
Securely fight, thy purſe is ſanctuary'd,
And in this place ſhall beard the proudeſt thiefe.
*Euſt.* An honor'd minded villaine, by my ſword,
A right good fellow, and an honeſt thiefe:
If I ſhould haue thee proſtrate at my mercy,
I will not kill thee for thy liberal offer:
Yet winne it Lad, and take it without faile,
I ſcorne to haue my purſe go vnder baile.
*Cha.* He goes beyond me in heroicke thoughts;
To thine I ſtake downe this; ſtand all apart.
He that ſteps in, be ſubiect to our curſes,
And now the better man take both the purſes.
*Euſt.* It is a match, Ile ſeize them to thy griefe;
Now True man try, if thou canſt rob a Thiefe.

*They fight, as they are fighting, enter* Bella Franca, *purſued by an Out-law, ſhe runs betwixt them and parts them.*

*Bell.* If yee were borne of women, aide a woman.
*Char.* Why what's the matter?
*Bel.* Oh turne the edges of your ſwords 'gainſt him,
That in the Forreſt would haue raviſht me.
*Cha.* Ceaſe thy purſuite, and ſtranger pauſe a while,
To heare the tenour of this Ladies plaint.
*Euſt.* Why then Kings truce. But let the purſes lye;
They'le fal to my aduantage by and by.
*Cha.* Now tel me Lady, what's your ſuite to me?
*Bell.* To ſaue my Life from foule inchaſtity:

For paſſing by theſe Countries on my Way,
To pay my zealous vowes in *Golgotha*,
Attended onely by a little Page:
This Villaine with a crew of ruffian Theeues,
Seiz'd that we had, firſt haled my Page from me:
And after would haue Wrackt my chaſtity:
But being ſwift of foote, ſome lent me Wings,
Hither (I hope in happy time) to flye,
Eyther to ſaue mine honour, or to Die.

*Char.* Thy honour and thy life are both ſecur'd:
And for a Ladies ſake you much reſemble,
Command my ſword, my ſubiects, and my caue:
Where ſuccour, all offence eleſſe, you ſhal haue:
Sirra go you, and ſcoure about the hill.

*Clowne.* I goe.

*Bell.* How like is he to *Charles* by ſhipwracke dead!
And he to *Euſtace* periſht in the Waues!
But they are both immortal Saints in Heauen:
Yet I am glad becauſe their ſhapes are theirs:
My happy comming hath tane vp their ſtriffe,
Preſeruing mine owne honour and my life.

*Euſt.* So bluſht my ſiſter: and this Out-law thiefe
Hath a reſemblance to my brother *Charles*:
But ſhe in *London* liues a Virgine pure:
He's in ſome huge Whales belly too too ſure.

*Char.* A pretty Wench yfaith, I'le marry her,
And make her Queene of all this Out-law crew.

*Euſt.* I am halfe in loue already, at firſt ſight:
How will this raging flame increaſe by night?

*Ch.* Faire beauteous maide, reſigne your loue to me:
Miſtreſſe of all theſe Forreſts you ſhalbe.

*Euſt.* Loue me, I'le kiſſe away theſe teares of griefe:
Sweet Wench embrace a True-man, ſcorne a Thiefe.

*Char.* How now ſir ſauce? You are as bold me thinks,
As if you were a free-man of our Trade:
None but my ſelfe plead intereſt in this maide.

*Euſt.* My intereſt is as much; in this 'tis greater,

Becauſe

Becauſe that of the two, I loue her better.

*Char.* Proud paſſenger, I'le make thee eate that VVord.

*Euſt.* If I eate aire, thou ſhalt digeſt my ſword.

*Cha.* Reuine this quarrel, let the former die:
Fight we for her, and let the purſes lie.

*Euſt.* Out-law, I rather loue to fight, then brall:
I'le win from thee thy Wench, thy purſe, and all.

*Bell.* Stay Gentlemen. *She ſteps betweene them.*

*Euſt.* By Heauen, I ſcorne to ſtay,
Til both the purſes I haue tane away.

*Char.* My ſword for me, my miſtreſſe, and my gold:
My reſolution ſhal my claime vphold.

*Enter the* Clowne *running betwixt them.*

*Clowne.* What doe you meane Gentlemen to fight among your ſelues, that ſhould be friends, and had more need to take one anothers part, to fight againſt your enemies. VVe ſhall all be ſlaine, kil'd, murdered, Maſſacred. For my owne part, if I had nine liues like a Cat; they were all ſure to dye one Dogges death.

*Char.* Why? VVhat's the matter fellow?

*Clowne.* Oh noble Captaine, we ſhal al be ſlaine. *Tankard* a Prince of *Italy*, with an Army hath beſet the foote of the Mountaines, and hath Vow'd to make Veniſon of all vs poore Out-Lawes, and kil vs like Deere. Fare-wel, I'le go ſhift for one.

*Char.* Deere we wil be too him, before he do it,
And deerely ſel our deſperate karcaſſes:
Kind ſtranger wilt thou take a Truce with me,
Thou ſhalt diuide with me my dignity:
VVe two wil ioyntly ore theſe mountaines raigne,
And by our valours, our eſtates maintaine.

*Euſt.* Becauſe I heare thy Life in ieopardy,
And thou haſt dealt with me ſo honourably:
Receiue my hand; now I am wholy thine.
And yee mad rogues, I am halfe your Captaine now:
Looke when yee ſee me nod, yee couch and kneele,
Make legs, and cringes, and keep bare your Crownes.

*Clowne.*

*Clo.* 'Tis hard to teach them manners that are Clownes.
But for my owne part, here's a legge, here's a cap, here's a knee,
All these sweete halfe Captaine, I reserue for thee.

*Enst.* Speake, doe you all accept me?

*Omnes.* Wee do, wee doe.

*Enst.* Then brother thiefe, I am turn'd Out-law too,
But to doe no man wrong, I make that Law,
Onely to passe this tedious Summer heere,
Till wee our downe-cast fortunes may vp-reare.

*Cha.* You share with me in loue, in minde, in all. *soft march*
But hearke, I heare our enemies Drummes doe brawle.

*Enst.* Their voice is welcome: oh that I had with mee
As many good lads, honest Prentises, *Apart.*
From *Eastcheape, Gracious-streete*, and *London-stone*,
To ende this Battle, as could wish themselues
Vnder my conduct if they knew mee heere:
The doubtfull dayes successe wee needs not feare. *Apart.*

*Char.* Oh for some Cheape-side boyes for *Charles* to lead,
They would sticke to it, when these Out-lawes faile:
Wishes are Winde, lets thinke our selues well man'd,
Weele sooner die, then flye, so make a stand.

*Enter* Tancred *with Drumme and Souldiers.*

*Tanc.* Are these the Out-lawes that disturbe our peace?
Thinke they these Mountaine toppes can shelter them
From our reuenge, and iust assembled Armes?

*Char.* Come, come, let vs prepare to answere them.

*Tanc.* Which bee the chiefe of these confounded troupes?

*Char.* Prince, I am one of them.

*Enst.* And I another. *Char.* I am his friend.

*Enst.* And I his out-law-brother.

*Tanc.* How dare you stand contemptuous gainst your Leige?
Captaines yee are our men. *Char.* That wee deny:
I am a stranger *Tancred*. *Enst.* So am I.

*Tanc.* Such valour is reported to appeare *Apart to his*
In the braue deedes of these rude Forresters, *owne people.*

That

That wee could rather wiſh they were our friends,
To dwell in Cities, then keepe out in Caues.
Conſidering now what warres we haue in hand,
Their martiall ſpirits might much aduantage vs,
Would they but keepe within ſome honored bounds.
Wee'le worke them if we can to our alliance,
And rather motion loue, then proud defiance.

*Char.* Why comes the County Palatine in Armes,
To fight againſt vnarmed Forreſters?
If thou wilt winne renowne, bend thy braue forces
Gainſt Pagans that beſiege *Hieruſalem.*
Small fame and honour canſt thou winne thee here,
Beſides our cheape liues thou ſhalt purchaſe deere.

*En.* We haue reform'd theſe villaines ſince we came,
And taught them manners and ciuility:
All rape and murder we repay with death:
Amongſt vs doth not liue a rauiſher.

*Tan.* I haue heard no leſſe, but that you weed out ſuch
As paſſe the bounds of Chriſtian honeſty:
Which makes me rather offer peace then warre.
But what bright virgine ſtands ſo diſcontent?

*Char.* My life. *Euſt.* My loue.

*Tan.* The word had bene well ſpent,
If I had ſaid mine too: for I proteſt,
Of all this number I affect her beſt.

*Char.* Beleeue me fellow-partner in my rule,
You offer wrong to impart in this my loue.

*Euſt.* Halfe of al's mine, I claime it as my due:
In which bright Virgin, I except not you.

*Tan.* I do containe my loue with much adoe:
For her (me thinkes) I could turne Out-law too.

*Euſt.* What, do you thinke to haue a double ſhare?
Halfe of her's mine; I will not bate an haire.

*Char.* By thine owne words thou gau'ſt me halfe at leaſt.

*Euſt.* But I'le haue all, my Title is encreaſt.

*Tanc.* Stay Captaines, for our annall Crownes reuennes,
We would not looſe the weakeſt of you both,

So much do we affect your Chiualries.
Let me take vp this mutuall enmity:
Your quarrell is for her; both would enioy her.
You claime her as your right. *To Charles.*
*Char.* 'Tis true I do.
*Tan.* And Captaine, you say she belongs to you.
*Eust.* True (valiant Prince) my hopes shall his destroy:
Thou art mine owne, sweet wench. Heauen giue vs ioy.
*Tan.* Then till this strict contention ended be,
Deliuer this bright Virgin vnto me.
Here shall our former hate and discord cease:
This Lady shall be Hostage of your peace.
Vnto thy charge we giue ten thousand men. *To Charles.*
As many souldiers we resigne to thee. *To Eustace.*
Make me her keeper till these warres be done:
Ye haue the price, I my content haue wonne.
*Cha.* Honour hath taught the Palatine to speake.
*Eust.* Since what we both desire, one can but haue,
Take charge of her. Let me receiue the charge
Of a great Army, and commanding power:
Before I marry, I must winne my Dowr.
*Char.* So say I too, and Out-law life adiew.
*Tan.* And welcome loue, which I must keepe for you.
Their Drummes shall scold, mine shall haue time to cease,
And whilst they warre, with her I'le make my peace:
Are you content, sweete Lady? *Bell.* I must do
That which amongst you all best pleaseth you.
I am a prisoner; prisoners must obey.
You say I shall, and I must not say nay.
*Char.* Do so, sweete loue.
*Eust.* Till these warres ended be
I prethee sweete loue, keepe thy heart to me.
*Tan.* Come Captaine, we bequeath you to your charge,
To march with speed towards the holy warres.
This Lady, as our life we will esteeme,
And place her in the honour of a Queene. *Exeunt.*

*Enter*

*Enter* Robert of *Normandy*, Godfrey of *Bulloigne*, and Guy of *Leſſingham*, with *Drumme and Souldiers.*

*Godf.* What art thou with thy brow confronteſt me?
*Guy.* One that thinkes ſcorne to giue leaſt place to thee.
*Godfr.* Thou know'ſt mee not to ſet my name ſo light.
*Guy.* I reck thee not, nay frowne thou canſt not fright.
Wee are no babe; or if were, yet know
Thy proud face cannot like a Bug-beare ſhow.
*Godf.* Thou haſt ſtrucke fire vpon a flinty ſpirit.
Think'ſt thou becauſe thou lead'ſt the French Kings troupes,
And art Commander of a few bold French,
That we will yeeld the vpper hand to thee?
I let thee know thou haſt diſhonoured mee.
*Guy.* I let thee know thou haſt done as much by me:
Think'ſt thou, thou canſt outface me? proud man, no:
Know I eſteeme thee as to weake a foe.
*Godf.* Now by my Knight-hood I'le reuenge this wrong;
And for that word, thy heart ſhall curſe thy tongue.
*Rob.* What meane theſe Chriſtian Princes thus to iarre,
And bend their ſwords againſt their mutuall breaſts,
Whoſe edge were ſharpned for their enemies creſts?
*Godfr.* He ſhal not march before me. *Guy.* But I will:
*Godf.* Ey but thou ſhalt not, by this bleſſed day,
I'le pitch thee like a barre out of my way.
*Guy.* Thy armes want ſtrength, thou canſt not toſſe me ſo.
*Godf.* No, can they not? by heauen I'le try a throw.
*Rob.* Princes, I charge you by the honoured zeale,
And loue to him for whom ye come to fight,
To ceaſe this enuy and abortiue iarre.
The fields are broad enough for both to march,
And neither haue the vantage of the ground.
*Guy.* *Robert*, mine arme ſhall act a wondrous thing,
I'le hurle him like a ſtone out of a ſling.
Not haue the way? I'le fling thee on the earth,
And then march ouer thee with all my Troupes.
*Godf.* *Robert* of *Normandy*, by all the honour

Thou hop'ſt t'atchiue thee in theſe holy warres,
Stand from betwixt vs, let's but try one fall
I'le caſt his corke-like trunke by wondrous skill,
As *Hercules* threw *Lycas* from an Hill.
*Rob.* For Heauens ſake and our Sauiours, in whoſe booke
Yee now are entred as his ſouldiers preſt,
In whoſe Campe Royall if yee mutiny,
Yee are found guilty by his martiall Law,
And worthy death: I charge you Princes both,
T'abandon this iniurious enmity.
Stand you betwixt them Souldiers, leſt this ſting
Of blinde ſedition, raigne in this our Army
And feed vpon our bodies like a plague.
Princes I charge you by our Sauiours bloud
Shed for your ſinnes, yee ſhed none at this time.
*Godf.* Well let him march before, I will reſigne;
*Robert* preuailes; French-man the right is thine.
*Guy.* I will not march firſt; but in courteſie
I will reſigne that honoured place to thee;
But what a King ſhould ſay, I ſhould not do
With violent rage that would I runne into.
Go on, Indeede you ſhall, I yeeld it you;
By heauen you ſhall, the place I freely grant.
Friendſhip can more with me, then rude conſtraint.
*God.* Thy honoured loue with honour I returne,
What thou would'ſt giue me, I reſigne thee backe;
This kind reply to me ſtands like a charme,
Then royally let's march on arme in arme.
*Rob.* Such iuſt proportion Princes ſtill ſhould keepe.
Braue Lord of *Bulloigne* ioyne your Troupes with ours,
That are by birth approued *Engliſhmen*:
And Lord of *France* that vnder your conduct
Haue ready armed ten thouſand fighting men,
To fight with vs for faire *Ieruſalem*,
Diſtreſt by miſ-beleeuing Infidels,
Let vs vnite a friendly Chriſtian league.
We haue entred, valiant Lords, vpon our way

Euen

Euen to the midſt of fertile *Lombardy*,
By writers term'd the Garden of the world.
Halfe of our way we haue ouercome already:
Then let vs here incampe vpon theſe Downes;
But ſtay, what threatning voyce of warfare ſounds.

*Enter after a Trumpet, Buſtace.*

*Godfr.* Had not yong *Guy* in the ſeas beene droyn'd,
I ſhould haue ſaid, he treads vpon this ground.
And but none ſcap'd the dangerous ſeas ſaue I,
This *French-man* I ſhould thinke my brother *Guy*.

*Buſt.* Princes, my Maiſter County Palatine,
Wondring what bold foote durſt preſume to tread
Vpon his Confines without asking leaue,
Sends me to know the cauſe of your arriue:
Or why the arm'd hoofes of your fiery ſteeds
Dare wound the fore-head of his peaceſull Land.

*Godfr.* Dare? ſaith thy Lord in that ambitious key.

*Guy.* Or hath the pride of thy refined tongue
Guilded thy meſſage with theſe words of ſcorne?

*Rob.* Add'ſt thou vnto thy meſſage, Knight, or no?

*Buſt.* The naked tenour of my Maiſters minde
Thus I vnfold; raſh ſaucy inſolent,
That by audacious boldneſſe haue not fear'd
To breake into my Soueraignes royall pale;
I charge you to returne the way you came,
And ſtep by ſtep tell euery tedious ſtride,
That you haue meaſured raſhly in his Land:
Or by the honour of his name he ſweares,
To chace you from the margent of his Coaſt,
With an vnnumbred Army and huge Hoaſt.

*God.* March backe againe? Oh ſcandall to our name!
Haue we deſeru'd to be ſo cenſur'd on,
Though not one man vpon my part would ſtand,
Alone I'le pierce the bowels of his Land.

*Guy.* Baſely retire, and thirty thouſand ſtrong?
Were the whole worlds power ambuſht in our way,

Yet would we on. Returne dishonourably?
Forward I'le march, though euery stap I tread
Plunge me in bloud, thus high aboue my head.
*Rob.* Princes, haue patience, let me answere him.
Knight, I condemne not thee for speaking boldly
The proud defiance that thy Maister sends:
But mildly we returne our pleasures thus.
We do confesse it was some ouer sight
To march so farre without some notice giuen
Vnto the Lord and Prince that owes the Land;
And we could wish that we had crau'd his leaue.
But since 'tis thus, that we haue march'd thus farre,
And basely to retire is infamous,
(If not with leaue) we forward meane to go;
Despight of King or Emp'rour shall say no.
*Eust.* I will informe the Prince my Soueraigne so. *Exit.*
*Guy.* That yong Knights face, me thinks, I wel should know.
*Godfr.* I see the swords were sharpe 'gainst Infidels,
Must be employ'd to Christian bloud.
Vpon his soule lye all the heynous guilt,
Who being a Christian Prince, forbids and barres
Our quiet passage to these Pagan warres.
*Guy.* This bickering will but keepe our armes in vre,
The holy battailes better to endure.
*Rob.* Well, Heauen for vs, for our intent is good:
Charg'd be their soules with all this Christian bloud.

*Enter* Tancred, Charles, Eustace, *Drumme*, *Colours and Souldiers, marching.*

*Tanc.* What art thou brau'st the County Palatine?
*Rob.* My name is *Robert* Duke of Normandy.
*Tanc.* Speake, will yee all retire the way ye came?
*Rob.* Heauen keepe Duke *Robert* from so foule a shame.
*Godf.* Base'y retire when we haue march'd thus farre?
First we'le vnpeople this thy Land bywarre.
*Char.* Then will we driue you backe by our maine force,

And

And ſeize vpon your Troupes of Foote and Horſe,
*Guy*. So ſay you: but ſhould you attempt to do't,
We ſtraight ſhould ouerthrow you Horſe and Foote.
*Euſt*. So ſaid, ſo done, braue Lord, were gallant play.
But you would at the firſt puſh ſhrinke away.
*Rob*. No proud *Italians* all our ſpirits are fire,
Which burnes not down-ward, but is made t'aſpire.
Prince we confeſſe we did forget our ſelues,
Preſuming on that ancient priuiledge
Which euery Chriſtian brother Prince ſhould claime
One in the intereſt of anothers name.
An errour we confeſſe, thought not a fault.
But baſely with diſhonour backe to flye,
And to be held as cowards we deny.
*Tan*. And nothing elſe can ſatisfie mine ire,
But whence ye came the ſame way to retire.
*Rob*. And that I'le neuer do.
*Godf*. Nor I. *Guy*. Nor I.
*Char*. Then ſhall yee on theſe *Lombard* Champaines die,
To Armes braue Souldiers. *Euſt*. Strike vp warlike Drumme,
Prepare you, Chriſtian Princes, now we come.
*Godf*. Stay braue Prince *Tancred*, ſtay great *Norman* Duke,
Out of my zeale to Heauen and Chriſtendome,
To ſtanch the bloud which ſhould be broacht this day,
Vnto the griefe of all that honour CHRIST,
And ioy to ſuch as loue Idolatry:
I make this challenge generall through the Hoaſt
Of him that interrupts vs on our way:
If any proud *Italian* dare take vp
The honour'd gage which I haue here throwne downe,
And fight a ſingle combate for our paſſage;
Theſe ſhall be made our ſtrict conditions.
If him I conquer, all our Hoaſt ſhall march
Without leaſt let and contradiction:
If I be vanquiſht by thy Champions hand,
Our Army march backe out of thy land.
*Char*. A Princely motion to ſaue Chriſtian bloud,

Great

Great Prince of *Iewry*, vpon my knee
I humbly beg I may thy Champion be.
*Tan.* Thou hast thy suite, thy valour hath bene tride;
With a rough brow see thou confront his pride.
*Rob.* Then what ten thousand Christian lines should right,
These two braue Lords will end in single fight.
*Tan.* It is agreed. *Eust.* Stand to't, braue Our law-brother
Would I were one of them. *Guy.* And I the other.
*Char.* What weapon wilt thou vse?
*Godf.* That which next comes to
Giue mee this Partizan: now strike vp Drummes.
*Char.* Giue mee this souldiers: Trumpet, sound a charge:
Ile stop the passage which he striues to enlarge.
*Godf.* Princes stand off, my warlike arme this day
For all your Troopes shall winne a prosperous way.
*Char.* Thou canst not enter though the way stood ope:
My heart, and this, thy passage vowes to stop.
*Godf.* Yet will I through.
*Char.* Thou shalt not, this sayes nay.
*Godfr.* Oh but behold I haue this to hew my way.
*They fight, and are parted by* Robert *and* Tancred.
*Tan.* I would not loose my Champion for the world.
*Rob.* Nor I this Prince: For were these spirits spent,
All Christendome their fortunes might lament.
Part them on equall oddes, and equall termes:
Both a like valiant, both haue honour wonne,
More valerous line hee vnderneath the Sunne.
*Tan.* We will reserue their haughty Chiualries,
To exercise against our enemies.
*Eust.* They haue wonne honour, I haue idly stood:
By my good starres Ile haue a challenge too,
If any in their Campe dares answere mee.
Giue me thy Pike, a Pike a Prince may traile,
And at that weapon will I challenge all.
Great Prince, these fiery Princes that came hither
To braue our forces, had a Champion
To challenge vs: Are we as valiant,

And

And ſhal we faile to do the like to them?
Giue me but leaue, my Lord, to ſend one boaſt
T'affright them, like a Duel, through their Hoaſt.
*Tan.* It pleaſeth vs; then when thou wilt begin.
*Rob.* What Champion ſhal we haue to anſwer him?
*Guy.* I ſhould eſteeme him my immortal foe,
That ſhould attempt to take away the honour
Of ſuch a ſtrong encounter from my hand:
Champion appeare betwixt our Royal Hoaſts,
Let's ſee thy ſtrength make good thy haughty boaſts.
*Euſt.* I am here; ſtand thou forth on the aduerſe part;
Suruey me wel, braue *Hector* I reſemble,
Whoſe very brow did make the *Greekes* to tremble.
*Guy.* But I *Achilles*, proud ambitious boy,
VVil drag thy coarſe about the VVals of *Troy*:
Giue me thy Pike, Ile toſſe it like a Reed,
And with this Bul-ruſh make mine enemy bleed:
Rapier and Pike, is that thy honoured play?
Looke downe yee gods, this combate to ſuruey.
*Euſt.* Rapier and Pike, this combat ſhal decide:
Gods, Angels, Men, ſhal ſee me tame thy pride.
*Guy.* Thou do'ſt thy ſelf wrong to ore-charge thy arme
With ſuch a VVeapon as thou canſt not weild:
Ile teach thee; thou ſhalt like my Zany be:
And feigne to do my cunning after me
*Euſt.* Thou wouldſt inſtruct thy maſter at this play:
Think'ſt thou this Rye-ſtrew can ore-rule my arme?
Thus do I beare him when I vſe to march:
Thus can I fling him vp, and catch him thus: *They toſſe*
Then thus, to try the ſinewes of my arme. *their pikes.*
*Guy.* But thou ſhould'ſt charge him thus, aduance him thus,
Thus ſhould'ſt thou take him, when thou ſeeſt from farre
The violent horſes runne to breake our Rankes.
*Euſt.* All that is nothing, I can toſſe him thus.
*Guy.* I thus: 'Tis eaſier ſport then the Baloone.
*Euſt.* We trifle time, this ſhal thy rage withſtand.
*Guy.* With this, our Hoaſt ſhal peirce thy Soueraignes Land.

*They fight: Robert and the Palatine cast their Wardars betweene them, and part them.*

*Rob.* That hoast should loose ten thousand Pagans liues
With the rich honour of their ouerthrow,
That should but loose his Champion in this combate
If both should perish, our braue Christian Army
Should be more weake by thousands then it was.

*Pal.* Their matchlesse valour hath preuail'd with vs,
Freely enioy the pleasures of our Land,
Our Army here we do conioyne with yours,
To lead them to the faire *Hierusalem.*

*Rob.* We pawne our faith to this perpetual League:
And now we shew our selues that Christian Hoast,
In which true peace should flourish and abound:
Vnto this peace let drums and trumpets sound. *florish*
Champions embrace, and all your sterne debate
Poure in abundance on the Pagans heads:
Princes and Lords, let our vnited bands
Winne backe *Iudea* from the Pagans hands.

*Exeunt all marching.*

*Manet the French Lady.*

*Lady.* Thus haue I maskt my bashful modesty
Vnder the habite of a trusty Page,
And now my seruants seruant am I made:
Loue, that transform'd the gods to sundry shapes,
Hath wrought in me this Metamorphosis:
My Loue and Lord, that honoured me a Woman,
Loues me a youth, employes me euery where;
I serue him, waite vpon him, and he sweares
He fauours both my truth and dilligence:
And now I haue learnt to be a perfect Page,
He wil haue none to trusse his poynts but me,
At boord to waite vpon his cup but me:
To beare his Target in the field, but me:
Nay, many a thing, which makes me blush to speake,
He wil haue none to lye with him but me,

I dreame and dreame, and things come in my mind:
Onely I hide my eyes; but my poore heart
Is bard and kept from Loues ſociety:
Like *Tantalus*, ſuch is my poore repaſt,
I ſee the Apples that I cannot taſte:
I'le ſtay my time, and hope yet, ere I dye,
My heart ſhall feaſt as richly as my eye.

*Exit.* *flouriſh.*

*Enter the old* Soldan, *the yong* Sophy, *tables and formes, and* Morates, Turnus, *with Drum and ſouldiers.*

*Sol.* Counſel braue Lords, the Chriſtian army marches
Euen to our gates with Paces vndiſturb'd:
The hollow earth reſounds with weight of Armes,
And ſhrinkes to beare ſo huge a multitude:
They make a valley as they march along,
And rayſing his encompaſſe eyther ſide:
Counſell, braue Lords, theſe terrours to decide.

*Sop.* *Iones* great Vice-gerent ouer all the world:
Let vs confront their pride, and with our powers
Diſperſe the ſtrength of their aſſembled Troupes.

*Sol.* Syon is ours by conqueſt: All *Iudea*
Is the rich honour of our conquering ſwords:
Shall we not guard it then, and make our breaſts
The Wals that ſhall defend *Ieruſalem*?

*Sop.* They ſhall march ouer vs, that march this way:
Before the Chriſtians ſhall attayne theſe wals
With dead mens faces we will paue the earth.

*Sol.* I cannot iudge the Chriſtians are ſo mad
To come in way of battle, but of Peace.

*Sop.* They rather trauayle in deuotion,
To pay their vowes at their *Meſſiah's* Tombe,
And ſo, as Pilgrimes, not as ſouldiers come.

*Sol.* Your owne power blinds you and hath skreen'd your eies,
My haires do weare experience I yuery:
But yours, the badge of youth and idleneſſe:
Their Army ſtands vpon a mountayne top,

Like a huge Forrest: their tal Pikes, like Pines,
In height do ouer-peere the lower Trees;
Their Horsemen ride like *Centaures* in the meads,
And scout abroad for pillage and for prey:
Courage is their good Captaine. *Sop.* Courage loo,
Pale feare, and blacke destruction leade the foe.
*Sol.* I say againe, the Christian Princes leade
An Army, for their power, inuincible:
Victorious hope sits houering on their Plumes:
Their guilded Armour shines against the Sunne,
Dazeling our eyes from top of yonder Hill,
Like the bright streakes that flow from Paradise.
*Sop.* O conquest worthy the braue *Persian* swords:
Let vs descend from forth the Towne and meete them,
*Sol.* No. *Sop.* Yes.
*Sol.* Should *Ioue* himselfe in thunder answer I
When we say no; wee'd pul him from the skye.
*Sop.* Should *Soldan, Sophy*, Priest or Presbyter,
Or gods, or Diuels, or men, gaine-say our will;
Him, them, or thee, would the braue Persian kil.
*Mor.* Quench your hot spleens with drops of sweete aduice,
Temper your rage with counsel mighty Kings.
*Sol.* I say we wil make peace with Christendome.
*Sop.* I say the Persian scornes to be colleague,
Or to haue part with them of Christendome.
*Sol.* Yet heare my age. *Sop.* Yet hearken to my youth.
*Mor.* My tongue giue place vnto the *Soldans* age.
*Tur.* But I applaud the *Persians* youthfull rage.
*Sol.* Stay Lords, our graue experience doth foresee
The mischiefes that attend on this debate:
We tread the path of our Destruction,
By our dissentions grow the Christians strong,
Whom our vnited hearts may easily quel:
Braue *Persian Sophy*, we commend your hate
To them that haue abhorr'd our Pagan gods;
Yet temper it with wisedome, valiant Prince:
Tis our security I would increase,

When

Wherewith my Words I mention gentle peace.
*Mor.* Experience doth instruct the *Soldans* tongue,
Hearken to him, he speakes iudicially.
*Sop.* My tongue a while giues licence to mine eare:
The depth of your graue wisdomes let vs heare.
*Sol.* Then thus, let's send vnto the Christian Hoaste,
To know what cause hath brought them thus far arm'd;
If peaceably they come to visite here
The ancient Reliques of their Sauiours Tombe;
Peace shal conduct them in, and guard them out:
But if they come to conquer *Syons* Hill,
And make irruption through our triple Wals;
Death and despaire shal ambush in their way,
And we will seize the Ensignes they display.
*Sop.* My youth yeelds willingly to your graue yeares;
Let it be so. But whom shall we elect
To be created Lords Embassadours?
*Sol.* *Moretes* shal be one, for I am sure
He will employ his tongue, peace to procure.
*Sop.* *Turnus* another, he that all things dares,
Wil with defiance stirre them vp to Warres.
*Sol.* *Moretes* and braue *Turnus*, speed you straight
Vnto the Christian Hoast: Say, if they come
Like Pilgrimes, to behold the Sepulchre,
Our gates stand open to receiue them in:
And be you painful to perswade a peace:
But if they stand vpon their hostile ground,
Say that our brests are arm'd, our swords are keene,
Bold are our hearts, and fiery is our spleene,
And so be gone. *Mor.* I to perswade a peace. *Exit.*
*Tur.* I go the furious rage of war t'encrease. *Exit.*
*Sol.* We wil meane time conduct, our royall hoasts:
(One halfe is mine, the other you shal lead,)
To intercept them ere they winne the sight
Of these inuincible and high-built Wals:
Braue Persians, we wil both in ambush lye:
Sure now the Christians are all come to dye. *Exeunt.*

*Enter* Tancred *with* Bella Franca, *richly attired, she somewhat affecting him, though she makes no shew of it,* Robert *of* Normandy, *the foure brethren, and the french Lady like a Page.*

*Tanc.* Behold, braue Christian Princes, all the glory
That *Tancred* can inherite in this World.
*Eust.* Part of it's mine. *Char.* And part belongs to me.
*Godf.* An heauenly mixture, now beshrew my heart,
But *Godfrey* with the rest could cry halfe part.
*Guy.* I am all here. *Rob.* That Lady seemes to me
The fairest creature euer eye did see.
*Bell.* *Tancred*, of all thy face best pleaseth me: *in priuate*
*Tan.* Faire Lady. *Eust.* Madame. *Cha.* Mistresse.
*Godf.* Beauteous loue. *Guy.* Bright Goddesse.
*Rob.* Nymph. *Fren. Lady.* Loue whom ye wil say I:
So yee affect not my beloued *Guy*.
*Tan.* Lords, she is mine. *Eust.* When did my interest cease?
*Char.* When I am here, you brother Out-law peace.
*Godf.* Why should not I enioy her? *Rob.* Why not I?
*Guy.* She can haue none but me.
*Eust.* & *Char.* That we deny.
*Bell.* Princes, what meanes this frenzy in your harts?
Or hath some Negromanticke Coniurer
Rais'd by his Art some fury in my shape,
To worke sedition in the Christian campe?
You haue confirm'd by generall Parliament
A Statute, that must stand inuiolate:
Namely, that mutiny in Prince or Peasant
Is death, a Kingdome cannot saue his life:
Then whence proceed these strange contentions?
*Cha.* I seiz'd her first. *Eust.* I first her thoughts did proue.
*Tan.* I plead the composition for my loue.
*Rob.* If wealth wil win the thoughts of that chaste Lady,
I'le bid as faire as any for her loue.
*Godf.* If valour may atchieue her, I'mongst many
Will bid more warlicke blowes for her then any.
*Guy.* Nay, if you go to scrambling, this for me. *Draws.*
*Fren. Lady.*

*Frent. Lady.* Speed they that liſt, ſo you repulſed be.
*Bel.* Yet heare me Princes.
*Euſt.* Hence with friuolous words.
*Godf.* Stand we to prate, when others draw their ſwords.
*Char.* Speake thou my cauſe. *Draw.*
*Tan.* This ſhall my pleader be. *Draw.*
*Guy.* Thou art for vs. *Draw.*
*Rob.* And ſword ſpeake thou for me.
*Bel.* He that beſt loues me, pierce me with his ſword,
Leſt I become your generall ouerthrow:
I do coniure you by the loue you beare me,
Eyther to baniſh this hoſtility,
Or all at once to act my Tragedy:
A blow is death proclaim'd by Parliament:
Can ye make lawes, and be the firſt that break them?
Knew I that this my beauty bred this ſtrife,
With ſome black poyſon I would ſtaine my cheeks,
Till I lookt fouler then an *Æthiop*:
Still do ye brandiſh your contentious ſwords?
This night ſhall end my beauty, and to morrow
Looke to behold my Chriſtall eyes ſcratcht out,
My viſage martyr'd, and my haire torne off;
Hee that beſt loues it, ranſome it with peace;
I will preſerue it, if your fury ceaſe;
But if ye ſtill perſiſt, the Heauens I call
As my vowes witneſſe, I wil hate ye all.
*Tan.* To ſhew my loue, my ſword ſhall ſleep in reſt.
*Godf.* I'le keepe mine ſharpe for the braue *Soldans* creſt.
*Guy.* Peace ſword. *Rob.* The *Norman Robert* keeps his keen,
T'abate the fury of the *Perſians* ſpleene:
*Ch.* My ſword cries truce. *En.* Blade when thou next art ſeen,
Thou mak'ſt thy Lord a King, his Loue a Queene.
*Bell.* You haue redeem'd my beauty, your laſt iarre
Had made perfection with my face at Warre.
*Euſt.* Lady, the vertuous motions of your heart
Adde to the abundant graces of your fame,
It was your beauty that did blinde our ſoules,

All.

And in our close breſts plac'd oblivion:
Tis true, we haue ordain'd a ſtrict Decree,
That whoſoeuer in our Chriſtian Hoaſt
Strikes with a ſword in hoſtile enmity,
Forfeits his life, then breake off this debate,
And keepe our owne Decrees inuiolate.

*Enter with a Tucket before them* Turnus, *and* Morates.

*Mor.* Health to the Chriſtians from the mighty *Soldan*.
*Tur.* Death and deſtruction from the Perſian *Sophy*.
*Rob.* That tongue brings peace, to thee wil I attend.
*Godf.* That tongue brings War, thy motions we commend.
*Tan.* Speake peace, thy lookes are ſmooth, we'le liſt to thee.
*Char.* Speake Warre, bring War, and we to War agree.
*Mor.* The *Babylonian Soldan*, mighty Princes,
Sends me to know the cauſe of this your March
Into a Land ſo farre remote from yee:
If yee intend to ſee your Prophets Tombe,
As holy Pilgrimes, Peace ſhal guard your Way.
*Euſt.* Peace we deſie: let's heare what thou canſt ſay.
*Rob.* Proceede, proceed.
*Guy.* Do: and Ile ſound my Drumme
To drowne his voyce, that doth for parleance come.
*Euſt.* Why, I am borne to nothing in this VVorld
But what my ſword can conquer: Should we yeeld
Our fortunes to baſe compoſition,
I haue no hopes mine honour to encreaſe:
Curſt be his baſe eare that attends to peace.
*Mor.* Let me conclude my meſſage. *Godf.* Pagan, no:
Warres friend ſpeake thou, I am to Peace a foe.
*Tur.* The Perſian *Sophy* thus inſtructs my tongue,
That Prince amongſt you whoſe heroicke breſt
Dares ſhew it ſelfe to his tryumphant ſpeake,
(Excepting but the name of Chriſtian)
Like to the Perſian gods he honours him:
But ſhould he know a heart in theſe proud Troupes,

And

And know that heart to be addict to peace,
Hee'd hate him like a man that ſhould blaſpheme,
In *Sion* Towers hangs his victorious flagge,
Blowing defiance this way: and it ſhowes
Like a red meteor in the troubled aire;
Or like a blazing comet, that fore-tels
The fall of Princes.

*Char.* Thine owne Princes fall.

*Tur.* Then in one word, deſtruction to you all.

*Godf.* I had not thought ſuch ſpirits had remain'd
Within the warlike breaſts of Infidels.

*Euſt.* Dares the Maieſticke ſpirit of thy King
Anſwer a challenge? dares he pawne his Crowne
Againſt the hazard of ten thouſand lines?

*Guy.* And who ſhould fight againſt him? *Euſt.* I.

*Guy.* Thou! *Euſt.* I, 'gainſt him, and thee, and all the world.
That interdicts my honour. *Guy.* Me! *Euſt.* Thee. *A blowe chang'd.*

*Guy.* Fire, rage, and fury, all my veines do ſwell.
Be mute my tongue, bright ſword my fury tell.

*Euſt.* Fire mount 'gainſt his mad fury, check his rage.
Burne out thou flame, his bloud thy heate ſhall ſwage.

*They fight and are parted.*

*Godf.* What haue ye done? iniuſtice ſtaines our creſts
If for this act yee haue not loſt your liues.

*Rob.* I will not beare the badge of Chriſtendome
In ſuch a Bedlam mad ſociety.

*Char.* Ceaſe to determine of their haire-braine rage,
Till yee haue ſent the Pagans from our Tents.

*Tan.* 'Tis well aduiſ'd. Souldiers take charge of them
Till we determine of our Embaſſie.

*Mor.* I feare me *Turnus*, had you know before
The ſpirits of theſe haughty Chriſtians,
T'haue bene ſo full of emulous chiualry,
You would haue temper'd ſome part of your rage.
You ſee they ſtriue, and fight amongſt themſelues,
To practiſe hate againſt they meete with vs.

*Tur.* *Morates*, no; we ſcorne all abiect feares,

And they shall know our hearts as great as theirs.
*Godfr.* It shall be so. Attend me, Pagan Lords;
We come not with gray gownes, and Pilgrimes staues,
Beads at our sides, and sandals on our feete,
Feare in our hearts, entreaty in our tongues,
To begge a passage to our Prophets graue.
But our soft Beauer Felts, we haue turn'd to iron,
Our gownes to armour, and our staues to plumes,
Our walking staues we haue chang'd to Cemytars,
And so with Pilgrimes hearts, not pilgrimes habits,
We come to hew our way through your maine Armies,
And offer at the Tombe our contrite hearts
Made purple with as many Pagans bloods,
As we haue in our breasts religious thoughts.
And so be gone, no words in trifling wast,
Death followes after you with wings of hast.
*Tur.* That Prince speaks Musick, which doth cheere my heart.
*Mor.* Princes adew, with terrour I depart. *Exeunt.*
*Cha.* Now to these other Captaine-mutiners,
What shall be done with them?
*Enst.* Euen what you please.
We haue liu'd with paine, and we can die with ease:
*Guy.* What God hath made, a Gods name do you marre,
Death is the least I feare, now to the barre.
*Rob.* Lords giue me leaue to temper our decree,
The Law is death, but such is our regard
Of Christian bloud, we moderate it thus.
Because we know your worths, your liues are sau'd,
Yet that the world shall see we prise our Lawes,
And are not partiall should we sit on Kings;
We doome you euerlasting banishment
From out the Christian Army. *Enst.* Banishment?
This was your doing; well, I'le be reueng'd:
By all the hopes that I haue lost, I will,
Princes, your doomes are vpright, I obey them.
And voluntarily exile my selfe.
(Against my furious spirit) I could weepe

To leaue this royall Army, and to looſe
The honour promiſt in the Pagans death.
Farewell to all, with teares of griefe I go:
Yee are all my friends, thou onely art my foe.
*Guy.* Hold me ſo ſtill; where ere I next ſhall meete thee,
This ſword, like thunder, on thy creſt ſhall greet thee.
Baniſht the Campe I go, but not ſo farre,
But I will make one in this Chriſtian warre,
Like an vnknowne Knight I will beare a ſhield,
In it engrauen the Trade I did profeſſe,
When once I was a Gold-ſmith in Cheape-ſide:
And if I proſper, to theſe armes I'le adde
Some honour, and the ſcutcheon I ſhall beare,
Shall to the Pagans bring pale death, and feare.
Adiew braue Chriſtian Lords; for I muſt ſtray.
A baniſht man can neuer miſſe his way.
*Godf.* Why do you looke ſo ſad vpon their griefes?
*Char.* Ah pardon me. My heart begot a thought
At their departure, which had bene of force
T'haue ſtrayn'd a teare or two from my moiſte eye.
How like was he to *Euſtace*! he to *Guy*!
*Godf.* A leaden weight of griefe lies at my heart,
And I could wiſh my ſelfe were baniſht too,
To beare them in their ſorrowes company.
*Rob.* Theſe, for examples ſake, muſt beremou'd,
And though their abſence will much weaken vs,
Yet we had rather put vs in Heauens guard,
Leſſening our owne ſtrength, then to beare with that
which might in time leade to our ouerthrow.
March forward Lords; our loue we will deferre.
Prince *Tancred*, till our warres chiefe heat be ſpent,
Keepe ſtill this beauteous Lady in your Tent. *Exeunt. flouriſh*

*Manent two Ladies.*

*Fren.Lad.* My Lord is baniſht, what ſhall poore I do?
There is no way, but I muſt after too.
But ere I go, ſome cunning I muſt vſe,
To make this Lady my Lords loue refuſe.

*Bell.* Faire youth, why haue you ſingled me alone?
Is't to ſhare ioy, or partake my mone?
*Fren. Lady.* Whether you pleaſe,
Inuention helpe me now, (*part*)
To bring her out of loue with my ſweete Lord.
For ſhould ſhe loue him, I were quite vndone.
Madame, in faith, how many ſuiters haue you?
*Bell.* More then I wiſh I had: Firſt, the *French* Generall,
*Fren. Lad.* Oh Heauen, I feare, I thinke I am accurſt.
Shee loues him beſt, becauſe ſhe names him firſt.
*Bell.* The *Engliſh Robert*, County *Palatine*,
Two Gentlemen that tooke me in the woods;
One is now baniſht, but the other ſtill
Stayes in the Army; then the *Bulloigne* Duke,
*Fren. Lad.* And which of all theſe is the propereſt man?
*Bell.* 'Faith let me heare thy iudgement.
*Fren. Lad.* Prince *Robert* is a gallant Gentleman;
But the *French* Lord vncomely, and vnſhap'd.
*Tancred's* a proper man, but the *French* Lord,
He hath no making, no good ſhape at all.
I could not loue a man of his complexion:
I would not haue him if I were a Lady,
Had he more Crownes then *Cæſar* conquered.
*Bell.* I ſee no ſuch defects in that *French* Lord.
*Fren. Lad.* I, I, 'tis ſo. Vpon my life ſhe loues him;
I muſt deuiſe ſome plot, or they will vſe
Some meanes to meete, and marry out of hand.
Lady, he was my Maiſter, but beleeue me,
He is the moſt inſatiate man for women,
That euer breath'd; nay, Madame, which is more,
He loues variety, and delights in change.
And I heard him ſay, ſhould he be married,
Hee'd make his wife a Cucke-queane.
*Bell.* Why though he do, 'tis vertue in a woman,
If ſhe can beare his imperfections.
*Fren Lad.* Vpon my life they are made ſure already,
Shee's pleas'd with any imperfections,

What

What ſhould I do? *Bell.* Now faire youth, liſt to me,
I will acquaint the with a ſecrecy.
Theſe Lords ſo trouble me with their vaine ſuites,
That I am tir'd and wearied, and reſolue
To ſteale away in ſecret from the Campe.
*Fren. Lad.* My *Guy* is gone, and ſhe would follow him:
I muſt preuent it, or elſe looſe my loue.
*Bell.* Wilt thou conſort me, beare me company,
And ſhare with me in ioy and miſery?
*Fren. Lad.* Madam I will, She loues him, and no wonder.
I'le go, be't but to keepe them ſtill aſſunder.
*Bell.* Then from their Tents this night wee'le ſteale away,
And through the wide woods and the Forreſts ſtray.
*Exeunt Floriſh.*

*Enter* Soldan, Sophie, Turnus, Moretes, *Drummes, Enſignes, and Souldiers.*

*Sol.* Then your reports ſound nought but death and warre.
*Mor.* The Chriſtians would not lend an eare to peace.
*Sop.* Since they demeane themſelues ſo honourably,
This earth ſhall giue them honourable graues.
*Tur.* By price her ſelfe are their proud Enſignes borne:
Warre in their tongues ſits, in their faces ſcorne.
*Sol.* Our reſolutions ſhall controule baſe feares.
Wee are proud as they; our ſwords ſhall anſwere theirs.
*Sop.* Didſt thou deliuer our ſtrict Embaſſie?
*Tur.* I did, my Lord. *Sol.* Did they not quake to heare it?
*Tur.* No more then Rockes ſhakt with a puffe of breath.
They come reſolu'd, and not in feare of death.
*Sop.* Lookt they not pale? *Tur.* With fury not with feare.
The'were mad, becauſe your forces were not there.
*Sol.* Did you not daſh their ſpirits? fell not their eyes
Downe to the earth, when thou didſt ſpeake of vs?
Went not a fearefull murmurre through their Hoaſt,
When thou did'd number our vnnumbred power?
Did not their faint ſwords tremble in their hands,
At that name *Soldan?* *Sop.* Or when thou namd'ſt mee,

My power, my ſtrength, my matchleſſe chiualry:
Fell they not flat vpon the earth with feare?
*Tur.* No, but their proud hearts bounded in their breaſts,
Their plumes flew brauely on their golden creſts:
And they were ready to haue fallen at iarre,
Which of them firſt ſhould with the *Perſian* warre.
*Mor.* There was no tongue but breath'd defiance forth:
I could not ſee a face but menac'd death:
No hand, but brandiſht a victorious ſword.
They all cry Battaile, Battaile, peace defie,
And not a heart but promiſt victory.
*Sol.* There's not an heart ſhall ſcape our tyranny.
Since they prouoke our indignation,
Like the vaſte Ocean ſhall our courage riſe,
To drowne their pride, and all their powers ſurpriſe.
*Sop.* My Cemytar is like the bolt of *Ioue*,
That neuer toucheth but it ſtrikes with death.
Oh how I long, till we with ſpeares in reſts,
Strike out the lig ming from their high-plum'd creſts.
*Sol.* I would burne off this beard in ſuch a flame,
As I could kindle with my puiſſant blowes:
Yet the leaſt haire I value at more worth
Then all the Chriſtian Empire. *Sol.* Speake, braue *Soldan*,
Shall our bar'd horſes clime yond Mountaine tope,
And bid them battell where they pitch their Tents.
*Sol.* Courage cries, on; but good aduice ſaith, ſtay.
Experience bids fight another way.
Why ſhould we tire our Troupes in ſearch of them,
That with audacious boldneſſe ſeeke out vs?
Let vs ſtand to receiue them when they come,
And with a groue of Pikes growing on this earth
Where now no tree appeares, toſſe vp their bodies,
Whoſe coarſes by your ſtrong armes kept aloofe,
May hang like bloudy pendants on your ſtaues.
*Sop.* Oh fight beſt pleaſing to the *Perſian* gods!
*Tur.* In the skies fore-head ſhall the bright Sunne ſtand
Amaz'd to view that glorious ſpectacle,

And

And with the pleaſing ſight forget his way,
To grace his Trophee with perpetuall day.
*Mor.* But how ſhall we receiue their armed Troopes?
What ſpeciall honour will your grace aſſigne
To them that ſhall command your Companies?
*Sol.* It ſhall be thus. This way the Chriſtians march,
The body of our Hoaſt ſhall ſtay behind,
To be a ſtrength to faire *Hieruſalem*:
But we with certaine ſouldiers ſecretly,
Will lie in ambuſh: The great *Perſian Sophy*,
With *Turnus*, and a chiefe command of men,
Shall guard that way: my ſelfe, and thou *Morates*
Will keepe this paſſage with a troupe ſelect,
To ſeize on their fore-runners, ſcouts, and ſpies.
Aſſiſt vs fate, ere-long the world ſhall know
Our glories by the Chriſtians ouerthrow.
This is my Quarter: theſe my men ſhall be.
*Sop.* *Morates*, thou and theſe ſhall follow me. *Exeunt.*

*Enter* Robert *of Normandy.*

*Rob.* Oh whether will blind loue conduct my ſteps?
Prince *Tancreds* Deere, and Engliſh *Roberts* Ioy,
Is fled in ſecret, and hath left our Tents.
Thus like an Errant and Aduenturous Knight,
I haue left the Hoaſt to follow her faire ſearch,
And dur'ſt not truſt the aire with my intent:
This way, they ſay, ſhe went; the Campe's ſecure.
Thus way vnknowne, in ſecret I purſue her.

*Enter* Charles.

*Char.* This way went my loue like a ſhooting ſtarre,
Whoſe blazing traine doth guilde the firmament.
Such glorious beauty addes ſhe to the way,
Making the darke night-pathes, ſhine bright as day.
Ye honoured Armes farewell, and Campe adiew,
I do forſake my ſelfe her to purſue.
*Rob.* Behold a traueller! I will enquire
If chance hath caſt his eye vpon my loue.

*Char.*

*Char.* I was about to aske of yonder man,
Whether her beauty had enticht his sight:
But 'tis my rinah *Robert*; *Charles* obscure thee.
For should he see thee, he would quickely iudge
What Adamant had drawne me to these woods,
One case I see hath made vs errants both.
To be found wandring thus I should be loath.
*Rob.* Loue that drew me, hath drawne that knight along
Being but a childe, a Gyant's not so strong.

*Enter Soldan, Moretes, and Souldiers.*

*Sol.* Stand Christians, by your Crosses on your brests,
Yee're markt for death, and base destruction,
*Rob.* What are ye, that like cowards, with such oddes
Assault vs thus vnfurnisht for the warres.
*Sol.* I am the *Soldan*; these my men at armes,
That he to intercept you, and prepare
For your accursed liues this fatall snare.
*Cha.* The *Soldan*, the grand enemy to CHRIST,
The diuels Lieutenant, Vice-roy vnder him!
Braue *English Robert*, since our frowning starres
Haue brought vs to this narrow exigent,
And train'd vs hither with a chaine of loue
To perish by the sword of Infidels:
Stand foote to foote.
*Rob.* Tush, I am Pagans swords proofe, and my starres,
Haue markt me for a Conquerour in these warres.
*Sol.* Vpon them, souldiers; pitty they dispise,
Scarce can the world affoord a richer prize, *Alarum.*

*They fight and are both taken*

*Cha.* Thou glorious eye of heauen, be euer blind:
Maske thy bright face in clouds eternally:
Darke vapours and thicke mysts thy front embrace
And neuer shine to looke on my disgrace.
*Rob.* A prisoner, *Robert!* this my comfort bee:
He makes me bound that best can set me free.
*Sol.* Take them to guard, this entrance to our warres

Is full of ſpirit, and begets much hope:
We will not yet examine what yee are,
Till tortures wring it from your ſlauiſh tongues:
That done, your bloods theſe champaines ſhall embrue
Meane time we'le waite for more of your looſe crue.

*Enter* Guy *with his ſhield, and a Page brings his ſword and Target: in each of his hands a Poleaxe.*

*Guy.* I am turn'd wilde man ſince I vſde theſe forreſts;
And I haue wonne more weapons in theſe VVoods,
From Out-lawes, whom my ſword hath vanquiſhed,
Then I can carry on my backe with eaſe:
I haue ſwords, Targets, Pikes, and Partiſans,
Pollaxes, Maces, Clubs, and Horſe-mens ſtaues,
Darts, Halberds, Long-ſwords, Piſtols, Petronels,
All which I haue conquered: At this mountayne ridge
Two villaines with theſe Weapons ſet vpon me:
But with my ſword: made them turne their backes,
And leaue theſe Trophees which I thus ſupport,
And beare vpon my ſhoulders Conquerour like.
What? do I ſee an Ambuſh? by their Armes
They ſhould be Pagans: *Robert* priſoner!
VVith him a Chriſtian Leader! O my fate,
Thou haſt eyther brought me to reuiue my name
By reſcuing theſe, or here to dye with ſhame.
Come life, come death; a baniſht man will try,
To liue with honour, or with honour dye:
*Robert* breake from thy guard, make them diſmayd,
Receiue theſe weapons, Heauen hath ſent thee ayde.

*Rob.* God, and Saint *George*.

*Cha.* Now by the *Soldans* Crowne,
If I can weild this VVeapon, I'e ſhall downe.

*Guy.* The Chriſtians God for vs.

*Sol.* VVhat, are they free?
Alarum Drummes, the heathen powers for me:

*They fight; the Pagans are beaten off,*
*Guy departs ſuddenly.*

*Rob.* Some Angell in the habite of a Knight,
Hath reskued vs: ſuch heauy downe-right blowes
Could neuer come from any mortall arme.
For euery blow he reacht, was certaine death.
*Cha.* What is that power, if heauenly power he be,
That we may laude and praiſe his Deity?
*Rob.* Departed on a ſuddaine ere we know,
To whom our freedomes, and our liues we owe!
*Char.* By that inſcription grauen on his ſhield,
We may perhaps deſcry him in the campe,
Ceaſe admiration then; let theſe euents,
Haſten our ſteps backe to ſuruey our Tents.

*Enter ſeuerally* Godfrey, *and* Tancred.

*Tan.* *Godfrey!* *Godf.* *Tancred!*
*Tan.* Well met my Lord in theſe vnpeopled paths,
What hath your loue made you to leaue the field.
*Godf.* *Godfrey* ne're dreamt to haue met with *Tancred* here;
The Lady that hath fled from our chaſt loue,
(Whom *Tancred* I do more affectionate,
Becauſe ſhe much reſembles my faire ſiſter)
Hath cauſed me ſo much to forget my ſelfe,
And play the wanderer in theſe vnknowne woods. *ſoft march.*
But ſoft, that Drumme ſhould ſpeake the Pagans tongue:
I feare we are betrai'd, I, I, 'tis ſo:
*Tancred*, we are round compaſt by the foe.

Soldan, Sophia, *and Souldiers, encompaſſe the Chriſtian Princes:* *Enter* Euſtace, *and ſet them free.*

*Euſt.* Thanke me for this; for, next th'Almighty Powers,
I haue bene the meanes to ſaue your deſperate liues.
Now, Chriſtian Princes, I am quit with you
For all the grace you haue done me in the Campe;
And now you owe me for my baniſhment.
And though you haue exil'd me from your Tents,
You haue not power to keepe me from the warres.
Vpon this ſhield I beare the *Croiers* Armes,

Vnto

Vnto which Trade I was enrold and bound:
And like a ſtrange Knight, I will aid the Chriſtians,
Thou Trade which didſt ſuſtaine my pouerty,
Didſt helpeleſſe, helpe me; though I left thee then,
Yet that the world ſhall ſee I am not ingrate,
Or ſcorning that, which gaue my fortunes breath;
I will enlarge theſe Armes, and make their name
The originall and life of all my fame.
But I am tir'd with trauaile, Shield lie there,
Oh that I could but ſee that luſty ſpirit,
My arch-foe, riuall in my baniſhment,
To be reueng'd, and end my hoſtile hate!
I'le dreame I fight with him to eaſe my ſpleene,
And in that thought I lay me on this Greene. *Sleep.*

*Enter* Guy *with a paper and his Shield.*

*Guy.* Armes yee are full of hope and ſweete ſucceſſe,
The famous Art, whoſe honoured badge ye are,
Firſt, when I liu'd 'mongſt London-prentiſes,
Gaue me an honeſt and a pleaſant life,
Now in theſe woods haue won me fame & honour:
And I haue reſcued Princes with this ſhield:
And Princes are indebted to theſe Armes.
And if I liue, in memory of this
Within their faire Hall ſhall this Scutchion hang,
Till ſome ſmooth pen Hiſtorifie my name,
What obiect's that? A Knight a ſleepe or dead?
Oh, 'tis the Baſſe, and ground of all my hate;
I'le kill the villaine: Oh diſhonored thought!
Art thou not ſonne vnto the *Bullen* Duke,
And canſt thou hatch diſhonour? Arch-foe liue.
I ſcorne aduantage, ſhould I fight with *Mars*.
He beares this ſhie'd I will exchange with his,
And leaue a Motto written in mine owne
Shall make him quake to reade. Be ſwift my pen,
T'affright his ſence when he ſhall wake againe.
'Tis done. Then go with me and mine ſtay here,

Which in despight of thee, base Knight, I weare. *Exit.*

*Eust.* The houres haue ouer-runne me with swift pace,
And time hath fastned to him swallowes wings.
Come sword, come Shield; but soft, thou art a stranger,
And pardon me good shield, I know thee not.
What haue we here?

*Aske not who that Shield doth owe,*
*For he is thy mortall foe:*
*And where ere thee seest that shield,*
*Citty, Burrough, Grone, or Field,*
*Hee that begres it, beares his bane,*
*By his hand he must be slaine.*
*I haue in spight of thee, hee'le beare,*
*(If thou dar'st) his Scutchion weare.*
*He writ this, that thy Shield will keepe,*
*And might haue slaine thee being asleepe.*

'Tis a fine fellow; by this light, he is
An honest Rogue, and hath a good conceite.
Weare it? I'le weare it. If I do not well,
He needed not to haue put in the word (*Dare*)
For I dare: dare, I'le shall see I dare.
Belike he feares I dare not challenge mine.
Were't fastned to the arme of *Beelzebub*,
I would fight with him with firebrands for my shield.
But deares he weare mine? On my life he dares:
I loue him like my brother for this act:
And I will beare this shield with as much pride,
As fate I in a Chariot by *Iones* side.
Shine bright my Stars, to do me some faire grace,
Bring vs to meete in some auspicious place.

*Enter the Ladies flying, pursued by the Clowne.*

*Clow.* Nay you cowardly Lady, that runne away from the Campe, and dare not stand to it, I am glad I haue light on you; choose your weapon, choose your weapon; I am a Souldier, and a martiall man, and I will offer you the right of Armes;

Armet: If you vanquiſh me, I'le be your captiue, if you be caſt downe I'le carry you backe priſoner.

*Fren. Lad.* I weare a weapon that I dare not draw:
Fie on this womaniſh feare, what ſhall I do.

*Bel.* Some of my fathers ſpirit remaines in me,
Giue me thy weapon, boy, and thou ſhalt ſee,
I for vs both will winne ſweete liberty.

*Clow.* I was neuer ſo ouer-reacht; and, but for ſhame, and that I am a man at armes, I would runne away, and take me to my legs. Haue at the ſweete Lady.

*As they fight,* Euſtace *comes in:*

*Eu.* Baſe villaine, dar'ſt thou offer violence
Vnto a Lady; ſtay, maintaine thy challenge.

*Clow.* You thinke you haue a foole in hand; no by my faith, not I. if you haue any buſineſſe to the Campe, farewell, I am running thither as faſt as I can.

*Euſt.* Mount vp my ſoule, vnto the heighth of ioy!
Sauing my foe, whoſe honoured ſhield I beare,
None liuing did I more deſire to meete.

*Bel.* Sauing thoſe Chriſtian Lords that ſeeke my loue
None liuing did I more deſire to ſhunne.

*Euſt.* Well met, braue Saint, in theſe vnpeopled paths,
Feare no rude force, for I am ciuill borne,
Deſcended from a Princely parentage,
And though an exile from the Chriſtians Campe,
Yet in my heart I weare the Croſſe of CHRIST,
Euen in as deepe a crimſon as the beſt.
Loue me, though I am Landleſſe, and remote
From the faire clime where firſt I breath'd this aire,
Yet know I beare a Kingdome in this ſword,
And ere I die, looke to behold this Front
Empal'd and circled with a royall crowne.

*Bel.* I neuer mark't this Gallant halfe ſo much!
He hath my brothers eye, my father brow,
And he is *Euſtace* all from top to toe.

*Euſt.* I had a ſiſter, Lady, with that red,
That giues a crimſon tincture to your cheeke,

With such a hand hid in a glome of snow,
That spake all musicke, like your heauenly tongue;
And for her sake, faire Saint, I honour you.
*Bell.* I had a brother, had not the rude seas
Depriu'd me of him, with that manly looke,
That grace, that courage, I behold in you.
A Prince, whom had the rude seas neuer seene,
Euen such another had yong *Eustace* beene.
*Eust.* *Eustace*! euen such an accent gaue her tongue,
So did my name sound in my sisters mouth,
Oh *Bella Franca*, were't thou not obscur'd
Within a cloud and maske of pouerty,
Such fame ere this had thy rare vertues wonne,
Thus had thy beauty checkt th'all-seeing Sunne.
*Bell.* It is my brother *Eustace*.
*Eust.* View her well,
Imagine her but thus attir'd, and shee
Would *Bella Franca*, and my sister be.
*Bell.* But strip my brother from his Prentice coate,
His cap, his common souldiers base disguise:
Euen such a Gallant as this seemes to me,
Such would my brother, my sweete *Eustace* be.
*Eust.* Sister! *Bell.* Brother!
*Eust.* Make me immortall then, by heauen I vow,
I am richer then the *Persian Sophy* now.
*Bell.* All *Asia* flowes not with more plenteous treasure,
Then I, to embrace my brother, my hearts pleasure.
How did you escape the waues? *Eust.* How haue you past
The perillous Land, and croast the Seas so vaste?
*Bell.* Where are my brothers, *Eustace*?
Oh, those words,
Pierce to my heart like Darts, and pointed swords,
Omit these passions, sister, they are dead.
But to forget these griefes, what youth is this?
*Fren. Lad.* Page to the Prince of *France*.
*Eust.* 'Tis he I hate,
As chiefe occasion of my banishment.

*Bell.* Yet my ſweete brother, doe not blame the youth.
Full well he hath demean'd himſelfe with me.
He neuer, ſince we entred in theſe woods,
Left me in my diſtreſſe; when we alone
Sit in theſe deſarts neuer by rude force
Did doe me the leaſt ſhame, or violence.
*Fren.Lad.* A good cauſe why I leade ſo chaſte a life,
A iealous man may truſt me with his wife.
*Euſt.* Well, ſirra, for your truth and honeſty
I pardon thee, though I deteſt thy Lord.
*Fren.Lad.* Then let me change my habite, gentle ſir,
Leaſt in this ſhape I chance to meete my Maiſter.
Then, if you pleaſe, I'le cloath me like a Lady,
And waite vpon your ſiſter in your Tent.
*Euſt.* Nay, if it pleaſe thee, I am well content.
*Fren.Lad.* My plot is good; well, howſoere it proue,
'Twill either end my life, or winne my loue.
*Euſt.* Come, beſt part of my ſelfe, we now will goe
To wayle our fortunes, and diſcourſe our woe.
I will diſguis'd vnto the famous ſiege,
And in theſe Armes make knowne my valours proofe:
You ſhall in ſecret in my Tent abide.
I to atchieue fame will my ſpirits employ,
After this griefe my heart diuines much ioy.

*Enter* Robert, *and* Tancred, Godfrey, *and* Charles, *with their Shields and Scutchions, Drumme and Souldiers,* Godfreyes *Shield, having a Maidenhead with a Crowne in it,* Charles *his Shield the Haberdaſhers Armes.*

*Rob.* Behold the high wals of *Hieruſalem,*
Which *Titus* and *Veſpaſian* once brake downe:
From off theſe Turrets haue the ancient Iewes
Seene worlds of people muſtring on theſe Plaines.
Oh Princes, which of all your eyes are dry,
To looke vpon this Temple, now deſtroy'd,
Yonder did ſtand the great *Iehouahs* Houſe,
In midſt of all his people, there he dwelt:

Veſſels

Vessels of gold did serue his Sacrifice,
And with him for his people spake the Priests.
There was the Arke, the Show-bread, *Aarons* Rod,
*Sanctum, Sanctorum*, and the *Cherubines*.
Now in that holy place, where He himselfe
Was personally present, Pagans dwell,
False Gods are reard, each Temple Idols beares?
Oh who can see this, and abstaine from teares?

*Godf.* This way, this path our Sauiour trode,
When he came riding to *Hierusalem*,
Whilst the religious people spred his way
With flowers, and garments, and *Hosanna* cry'd.
Yonder did stand the great Church, where he taught,
Confuting all the Scribes and Pharisees.
This place did witnesse all his miracles:
Within this place did stand the Iudgement seate,
Where *Pontius Pilate* with the Elders sate,
Where they condemn'd him to be whipt and crown'd,
To be derided, mockt, and crucified,
His hands bor,d through with nailes, his side with Speares,
Oh, who can see this place and keepe his teares?

*Cha.* On yond side of the Towne he died for vs:
At whose departure all these wals did shake,
And the destroyed Temples vails did rend:
The graues are to be seene, from which Ghosts rose,
There stood the Crosse, there stands the Sepulchers,
The place still beares the name of *Deadmens bones*.
And still the Tombe our Sauiours Liuery weares,
What eye can see it, and not melt in teares?

*Tan.* No souldier but shall looke with reuerence
vpon these faire and glorious Monuments.
To sweare, or speake prophanely shall be death.
I cast my heart as low as to this earth,
And wish that I could march vpon my knees
In true submission, and right holy zeale.
Oh since our warres are His, abandon feares,
But in contrition weepe repentant teares.

*Rob.*

*Rob.* Sound a Parlee, I ſee your hearts are fir'd,
Your ſoules with victory from heauen inſpir'd.

*Sound a Parlee. Enter vpon the walles*, Soldan, Sophy, Turnus, Morates. *Souldiers, Flouriſh.*

*Sol.* Why ſwarme theſe Chriſtians to our Citty wals?
Looke (forreiners) do not the lofty ſpires,
And theſe cloud-kiſſing Turrets that you ſee,
Strike deadly terrour in your wounded ſoules?
Go Perſian, flouriſh my vermillion flag,
Aduance my Standerd high, the ſight whereof
Will driue theſe ſtragglers in diſordered rankes,
And in a hurly burly throng them hence.

*Per.Sop.* See how they quake, to view our Martiall lookes!
As when a ſturdy *Ciclops* reares aloft
A boiſterous Truncheon 'mongſt a troupe of Dwarfes.

*Godf. Soldan* and *Sophy*, ye damn'd hel-hounds both,
So quakes the Eagle to behold a goat,
The Lyon to behold a Marmoſat.
I'le beard and braue you in your owne beliefe,
As when the heathen God, whom you call *Ioue*,
Warr'd with the Gyant, great *Enceladus*,
And flung him from Olympus two-topt Mount
The ſwaynes ſtood trembling to behold his fall,
That with his weight did make the earth to groane.
So, *Soldan*, looke, when I haue ſkald theſe wals,
And won the place where now thou ſtand'ſt ſecure,
To be hurl'd head-long from the proudeſt Tower,
In ſcorne of thee, thy falſe gods, and their power.

*Cha.* We will aſſaile you like rebounding Rocks,
Banded againſt the battlements of heauen:
W'ee'le turne thy Citty into deſart plaines:
And thy proud Spires that ſeemes to kiſſe the Cloudes,
Shall with their guilt-tops paue the miry ſtreetes,
As all to baſe to march vpon.
Seeſt thou this ſhield, how euer this deuice
Seemes not to ranke with Emperours; *Soldan* know

This ſhield ſhall giue thy fatall ouerthrow.

*Sol.* Such peales of thunder did I neuer heare,
I thinke that very words theſe wals will teare.

*Godf.* This ſhield you ſee, includes two myſteries;
A Virgine crown'd it is the *Mercers* Armes,
Withall the picture of my loue that's ſled.
Both theſe I'le grace, and adde to them thy head.

*Sop.* Me thinkes I ſee pale death flie from their words:
Their ſpeech ſo ſtrong, how powerful are their ſwords!

*Cha.* Since firſt I bore this ſhield I quartered it,
With this red Lyon, whom I ſingly once
Slew in the Forreſt, thus much haue I already
Added vnto the *Haberdaſhers* Armes.
But ere I leaue theſe faire *Indean* Bounds,
Vnto this Lyon I'le adde all your Crownes.

*Tur.* Send for ſome priſoners, martyre, torture them
Euen in the face of all the Chriſtian Hoaſt.

*Sol.* Shall it be ſo *Morgan*, bring them forth.

*Rob.* No drop of bloud fals from a Chriſtian heart,
But thy hearts bloud ſhall ranſome.

*Enter ſome bringing forth old Bullen, and other priſoners bound.*

*Sol.* Bring them forth,
Deuiſe new tortures:
Oh for ſome rare Artiſt,
That could inuent a death more terrible
Then are the euerlaſting paines of hell.

*Old Bull.* Oh brethren, let not me moue you to ruth:
Happy is he that ſuffers for the truth.
The ioyes to come exceed the preſent griefe;
Secure your ſelues, for Heauen is my reliefe.

*Godf.* Why ſhrinks the warme blood from my troubled heart?

*Char.* Why ſtarts my haire vp at this heauy ſight?

*Godf.* Say father, are not you the Bullen Earle?

*Old Bul.* Faire ſonne, I was the happy Bullen Earle:
But now my ſonne ——————

*Char.* Call no man ſonne but me,

Father,

Father, my ſword ſhall winne you liberty.
*Godf.* Peace forged Baſtard whatſoere thou be:
My renerend father, call none ſonne but me,
For in this ſword doth reſt thy liberty.
*Char.* Such mercy, as my ſword affoords to Pagans,
He findes that cals me baſtard; I am *Charles*,
Father you know me ſince I reskued you,
I am your onely ſonne, the reſt are dead.
*Old Bul.* I know thee *Charles*,
*Godf.* But father, I am *Godfrey*;
That by my valour haue regain'd your right:
Haue got your Dukedome from th'inſulting *French*,
And am my ſelfe inueſted *Bullens* Duke.
*Old Bul.* I know thee *Godfrey*. *Char.* *Godfrey!*
*Godf.* Brother *Charles!*
The confident aſſurance of thy death,
Made me to giue the lie to mine owne thoughts.
*Char.* The ſelfe-ſame ſtrong opinion blinded mee,
Elſe for my brother I had challeng'd thee:
Brother, you might haue knowne me by my Armes
Which I haue borne in honour of my Trade.
*Godf.* Ah, but the reſolution of thy death
Made me to looſe ſuch thought. *Rob.* Let vs reioyce,
And to your plauſiue fortunes giue our voyce.
*Godf.* Prince *Robert*, did the time affoord vs leaue,
We would diſcourſe the ſumme of our eſcapes:
But to our fathers reskue. *Char.* Yeeld him ſlaues.
*Sol.* Tuſh, we will keepe him ſpight of all your braues.
*Godf.* Be that our quarrell.
*Char.* With courage, courage ſtriues,
We fight for CHRIST, our father, and our liues.
*Sol.* Here ſtands my Enſigne, and by it a Crowne,
That you ſhall know the *Perſian* honourable, *Sets vp his Stan-*
He that can fetch this Enſigne, from the wals, *dard & Crowne.*
(Which I my ſelfe will guard) and leaue ſome token
Behind him, that his ſword hath conquered it,
He ſhall enioy them both.

*Sol.* And here ſtands mine. *Set vp his Standard,*
The *Babylonian* Emperours royall Standard. *and Crowne.*
By it I plant the rich *Sicilian* Crowne,
Guarded by me and my all-conquering troupes.
He that but leanes a note he hath beene here,
And ſcapes vnſlaine, although he winne them not,
That *Chriſtian* will I honour. *Ryh.* Drummes alarum.
*Sol.* As loud and proud defiance to our Drumme ſounds,
*Godf.* For CHRIST, my fathers conqueſt, and two Crownes.
*Exeunt. Alarum.*

*The Chriſtians are repulſt. Enter at two ſeuerall doores, Guy and* Euſtace *climbe vp the walls, beate the Pagans, take away the Crownes on their heads, and in the ſtead hang vp the contrary Shields, and bring away the Enſignes, flourriſhing them ſeuerall wayes.*

*Enter* Soldan, Sophy, Morettes, Turnus, *with Souldiers.*

*Sol.* Now the firſt wall is wonne, the Enſignes ſeiz'd,
The Crownes ſurpriz'd, the Chriſtians hate the day:
What ſhall wee leaue the Towne? *All.* I leaue the Towne.
*Sop.* 'Tis beſt, 'tis beſt to take vs to the field.
*Tur.* I thinke 'tis beſt that wee make good the breach,
And haue no thought of marching towards the field:
We leaue a place of much ſecurity.
*All.* Why then make good the breach. *Sol.* It ſhall be ſo.
Gather our forces to make good the breach.
*Sop.* Tuſh, why ſhould we be pent vp in a Towne?
Let's ope the gates and boldly iſſue out,
Leaning ſome few Pikes to make good the breach.
What ſay you Lords? *Lords.* Then let vs iſſue out.
*All.* Set ope the gates, and let vs iſſue out.
*Sol.* And ſo expoſe vs to the generall ſpoyle.
Keepe the gates ſhut, defend them manfully.
Theſe Chriſtians fight like diuells; keepe faſt the gates,
And once againe let vs make good the wall.
*All.* Make good the walls, make good the wals.

*Enter*

*Enter at one doore* Robert *and* Charles, *they meete* Eustace *with his Trophee: Enter at another doore* Godfrey, Tancred, *they meete* Guy *with his Trophee.*

*Rob.* Triumphant honour houers are our Armes
What gallant spirit brauely hath borne hence
The Emperours Standard, slaughtered his proud Guard,
And in the stead thereof hung vp his Shield?

*Eust.* Witnesse this royall Crowne vpon my head,
I siez'd the Ensigne, I hung vp that Shield.

*Godf.* What puissant arme stretcht hence the Sophies Standard?

*Guy.* This Crowne vpon my head, sayerie was I.

*Char.* Forgetfull *Charles*, brave *Robert* see the Knight,
Whose valour freed vs from the Soldans hands.

*Rob.* Renowned Christian, eues honoured be,
It was thy sword procur'd vs liberty.

*Eust.* By heauen not I, I neuer came in place,
Where *Robert* or that Gallant were distrest:
But there are others thankelesse, whom I freed,
And now too proud forget that honoured deed.

*Godf.* 'Twas he releast vs; honoured stranger thankes,
But they are idle offrings from true hearts.
Prince *Tancred* and my selfe, owe thee our liues.

*Guy.* You mock me Princes, neuer did my sword
Drinke drop of Pagans bloud to set you free:
But *Robert* and that Prince vnthankefull be.
Whose shield is that?

*Eust.* Mine.

*Cha.* Then to you we owe
Thankes for our liues, the Pagans ouer throw.

*Eust.* The shield I challenge, but the act deny,
I neuer gaue you life or liberty.

*Godf.* Whose shield is that? *Guy.* Mine.

*Godf.* Then by thee we liue,
Thou didst our desperate liues and freedome giue.

*Guy.* What meane you Princes to deride a stranger?
These eyes did neuer see you two in danger.

*Eust.* Who owes that shield?
*Guy.* I: and who owes that? *Eust.* I.
*Guy.* Thou know'st me then.
*Eust.* Thankes fortune, that I do.
*Guy.* Haue at the slaue.
*Eust.* Braue foe haue at thee too.

*Fight, and are parted by the Princes.*

*Godf.* What ere your quarrell be, contend no more
He drawes his sword 'gainst me that fights againe:
For I am foe to all dissention.
*Cha.* So are we all, then end these warres in words,
The Pagans haue employment for your swords.
*Eust.* For one blow more, take here my Crowne amongst you,
Now that my spleene is vp, it will not downe,
I'le giue you all I haue for one bout more.
*Guy.* Lords take mine too: by heauen I'le pawne my life
Against the Soldans head, to bring it you,
So you will let vs try this maistry.
*Rob.* Kingdomes nor Crownes can hire it at our hands,
It shall not be, we say it shall not be.
Whatare you Lords? we charge you by his honour
Whom in your outward habite you professe,
To tell vs both what and from whence ye are.
*Guy.* You charge vs deepely. I a banisht man,
Whom you for mutiny expulst the Campe,
Yet was I leader of ten thousand French,
But though by you vnworthy of these warres.
Since my exile (Prince *Robert* view me well)
I freed you two from base captiuity.
'Twas I that brought you weapons in the woods,
And then you term'd me some Celestiall power,
But being now in safety, you forget
Your dangers past, and cancell that great debt.
*Eust.* Nay I am sure you long to know me too.
I am your Out-law brother, one of your Leaders,
Banisht with him: that from the *Persians* rage
Freed *Tancred*, and that valiant man at Armes;

How

How euer now they can forget my proweſſe.
What need you more, I am he that wonne this Crowne,
And from theſe high wals pluckt that Enſigne downe.
*Rob.* You haue redeem'd all your offences paſt,
Deſeruing beſt in this ſociety:
But when you ſeed me, you did beare that ſhield.
*Guy.* I did, but ſince exchang'd it with my foe.
*Godf.* And you did beare that ſhield.
*Euſt.* True, I did ſo.
Ah had I beene awake, thou know'ſt my minde,
Thou hadſt writ thy Ryme in bloud.
*Guy.* Thy words are mine.
*Char.* Leaue brother *Godfrey*, & the *Bullen* Duke?
*Euſt.* How! *Guy.* What!
*Char.* Do you not know theſe faces?
*Godf.* Brother *Charles*.
*Euſt.* Brother! *Guy. Charles!*
*Godf.* I'le queſtion with them, for may it not be
The might eſcape the ſeas as well as we?
I had a brother, ſir, reſembled you.
*Euſt.* I had a brother too reſembled you.
*Cha.* The *Bullen* Duke, if euer you haue heard
Of ſuch a man, had once a ſonne like you.
*Guy.* I, and another ſonne as much like you.
*Godf.* My brothers name was *Euſtace*.
*Euſt.* *Godfrey* mine.
*Guy.* That Duke cal'd his ſonne *Charles*.
*Char.* Mine cal'd his *Guy*.
*Godf.* My brother *Euſtace!*
*Euſt. Godfrey! Char. Guy!*
*Guy.* And *Charles!* *All* Brothers!
*Rob.* This accident breeds wonders in my thoughts.
*Godf.* Oh let me curſe that head that enuied thee.
*Guy.* Nay curſe my heart that emulated thee.
*Euſt.* My brother Out-law, and my owne true brother!
*Cha.* For euer thus let vs embrace each other.
*Godf.* When I was caſt vpon the *Bullen* Strand,

I thought none had escapt the seas but I.

*Guy.* when I was throwne upon the *French* Kings Coast,
I thought none had escapt the Seas but I.

*Char.* I thought the seas had fauour'd none but me,
Whan I attain'd the shores of *Italy*.

*Eust.* *Ireland* tooke me, and there I first toucht ground,
Presuming that my brothers all were drown'd.

*Rob.* Were ye the foure yong *London* Prentises,
That in the ships were wrackt on *Goodwins* sands?
Were said to haue perisht then of no repute?
Now come the least of you to leade an Hoast,
And to be found the sonnes to a great Duke?

*Godf.* Witnesse my shield the Trade I haue profest.

*Guy.* Witnesse my shield I am one amongst the rest.

*Cha.* Witnesse thou mine.

*Eust.* And witnesse thou for me.

*Rob.* We witnesse all your martiall chiualry.

*Eust.* And now my foe-turn'd brother, end our hate,
And praise that Power Diuine who guides our state.

*Guy.* Diuide we hands and hearts: what hatred rests,
Powre out in Thunder on the Pagans crests.

*Eust.* Our ioyes are not at full, they shall not yet
Know where my sister and their loue remaines,
Vntill these warres haue end. Oh had our Fate
Not laid our fortunes open, but a brother
Bene brought in triumph to a sisters bed,
Cloudes of despaire had maskt our Sunne of ioy.
Yet will I keepe her secret, and the rather,
To crowne our haps when we haue freed our father.

*Enter* Turnus.

*Tur.* Christians once more defiance in my tongue,
Sounds dismall terrour in your fearefull eares.
The Princes whom I serue, grieue they haue mur'd
Such an huge Army in a wall of stone,
And they are thus resolu'd;
To leaue all place of scorn'd aduantages,

An

And in a pitcht field end this glorious Warre.
Say, will yee meete them?

*Rob.* Though hee truſt his ſtrength,
Yet will we meete his forces face to face,
When the dry earth ſhall quaffe your bloods apace.

*Guy.* And tell the *Soldan* from a Chriſtian Prince,
That won from him theſe colours, and this Crowne,
In that pitcht field my head this Crowne ſhall beare,
And skarfe-like theſe athwart my breaſts I'le weare.

*Euſt.* This for the *Perſians* ſake I'le weare in ſight,
And vnder his owne Enſigne this day fight.

*Cha.* Goe tell the *Soldan* that he weares my crowne.
Fortune hath giuen it me, it is mine owne.

*Godf.* If thou haſt more to ſay concerning Warre,
Omit thy braues and trifling circumſtance:
Wee'le meete you ſooner then you can deſire:
Begone, begone, our hearts are all on fire.

*Tur.* Braue Lords, our conqueſts wil be honorable,
Becauſe we haue to deale with honoured foes:
Our pikes ſtand to receiue you like a Wood,
Wee'le ſlake our white ſteeds in your Chriſtian blood.

*Tan.* Prepare to meet them, and appoynt our powres,
This day the Citty and themſelues are ours.

*Rob.* Thou vnder whom we fight, this day defend vs,
For vnto thy protection we commend vs. *Exeunt:*

*Enter at one doore with Drumme and colours*, Soldan, Sophy, Moretes, Turnus, *and ſouldiers.*

*Sol.* Great Monarchs, Kings, and Princes of the Eaſt,
Yee come t'encounter with a valiant Foe;
Such as haue ſwomme huge Riuers, climb'd the Alpes:
That can endure ſharpe hunger; ſuch as ſhrinke not
To haue their bloods ſod with the dog-dayes heate,
Nor to be crudled with cold *Saturnes* Rod:
What honour were it for an hoaſt of Gyants,
To combate with a Pigmee Nation?

No, Lords, the foe we muſt encounter with,
Is full of ſpirit and maieſticke ſpleene,
Strong, hardy, and their hearts inuincible.
Deſtroy theſe, and you winne your ſelues a name,
And all the nations of the earth ſhall feare you.
*Sop.* The more renown'd the foe is, the more famous
Shall be our conqueſt, the more great their fall.
Come Lords, diuide we our battalions.
*Sol.* Be yours the Vaward.
*Sop.* I will giue the charge.
*Sol. Turnus*, haue you the Rere-ward, I the battell,
*Meretes*, thou this day ſhalt leade the horſe
Take thou the Corner, *Turnus* thou the Archers,
Be thine the Guidon, I the men at Armes
Be mine this Enſigne.
*Sop.* Then mount our Canons, let our flanking peeces
Raile on the Chriſtian Army with wide mouthes.
For I this day will lead the forlorne hope,
The Camiſado ſhall be giuen by me.
*Tur.* Already they haue plac't their battery,
Their Ordnance ſtand fit to beate the Flankes.
*Sol.* My Cannoniers need no inſtruction.
Come let vs line our Pikes with Musketiers,
And ſo attend the Chriſtians fatall charge.

*Enter marching*, Robert, Tancred, Godfrey, Guy, Charles, Euſtace, *Drumme and Souldiers.*

*Rob.* Princes, this day we are eſpouſd to death:
A better place to die in, then this vale, in which our Sauiours
What man in all our Army could deſire? (Sepulcre remaines,
Speake, how haue you diſpoſ'd our Officers.
*Godf.* Your Grace is Captaine Generall of the Army.
*Guy.* And *Godfrey* you high Marſhall, and Maiſter of the
And as aſſiſtants you haue vnder you (Campe,
The Serieant Maior, Quarter-maiſter, Prouoſt,
And Captaine of the Spyons.

*Godf.*

*Godf.* My brother *Guy* chiefe Generall of the Horſe
To ſerue him his Lieutenant Colonell
Captaines and Skout-maiſters.
*Euſt.* My brother *Charles* Generall of the Artillery,
Vnder him his Lieutenant commiſſaries of Munitions,
Gentlemen of the Artilery, Colonel of Pyoners,
Trench Maiſters, and carriage Maiſters.
*Cha.* My brother *Euſtace* Treaſurer of the Campe,
And vnder him the Auditors, Muſter-maiſters, & Commiſſaries.
*Euſt.* Prince *Tancred* is our Royall Secretary,
Without whom nothing is concluded on.
Thus are the ſpeciall Offices diſpos'd.
*Tan.* Princes, what order take you for the aſſault.
*Rob.* One halfe maintaine the battery beate the wals,
Whilſt the other keepes them play in the open fields.
*Godf.* We ſhall not need to blocke the breach with Forts,
Victuals and forage are at pleaſure ours.
Stockadoes, Palizadoes, ſtop their waters.
Bulwarkes and Curtaines all are batterd downe
And we are ſafe entrencht by Pyoners.
Our Caſe-mates, Caualiers, and Counterſcarfes,
Are well ſtruci'd by all our Engineers.
Fortifications, Ramparts, Parapets;
That we at pleaſure may aſſault the way,
Which leads vnto the gate *Antiochia.*
*Gu.* Whilſt you intend the wals, ſhall my bard horſe
Giue a braue onſet, ſhiuering all their Pikes,
Arm'd with their Greaues and Maces, and broad Swords,
Proofe Cuiraces, and open Burganets.
*Char.* Yet let vs looke our battell be well man'd,
With ſhot, Bi.s, Halberds, and proofe Targettiers.
*Euſt.* No man but knowes his charge. Brothers and friends,
See where they ſtand for vs; this night ſhall hide
All their bright glory which now ſwels with pride.
*Sol.* Chriſtians? *Euſt.* Pagans?
*Sol.* Behold our Campe.
*Rob.* Soldan, ſurucy ours too.

*Sol.* From *Ganges* to the Bay of *Calecut*,
From *Turkey* and the three-fold *Araby*:
From *Sauxin* Eastward vnto *Nubia's* bounds,
From *Lybia* and the Land of *Mauritans*,
And from the Red Sea to the Wildernesse,
Haue we vnpeopled Kingdomes for these Wars,
To be reuenge'd on you base Christians.

*Rob.* From *England*, the best brood of martial spirits,
Whose walk the Ocean washeth white as Snow,
For which you strangers call it *Albion*:
From *France*, a Nation both renown'd and fear'd,
From *Scotland*, *Wales*, euen to the *Irish* Coast,
Beyond the pillars great *Alcides* rear'd,
At *Gades* in *Spaine* vnto the *Pyrene* hils,
Haue we assembled men of dauntlesse spirits,
To scourge you hence yee damned Infidels.

*Sop.* Within our troupes are sturdy bands of *Moores*,
Of *Babylonians*, *Persians*, *Bactrians*,
Of *Grecians*, *Russians*, of *Tartarians*, *Turkes*,
Euen from the floods that grow from Paradise,
Vnto this place where the Brooke *Kedron* runnes.

*Guy.* Within our Troupes are *English*, *French*, *Scotch*, *Dutch*,
*Italians* of Prince *Tancreds* Regiment:
Euen from the Seas that wall in *Albion*,
As far as any Riuer or Brooke runnes,
That Christians drinkes on, haue we people here.

*Tur.* To make our streetes red with your Christian blood.
*Cha.* To drowne you slaues in a Vermillion flood.
*Mor.* To burne your bodies o're your Prophets graue.
*Eust.* To lead your Emperour captiue like a slaue.
*Sol.* To make your guide trot by my chariot Wheele.
*Tur.* To lash your Armour with these Rods of steele.
*Sop.* Then to extirpe you all, yee *Persian* powers,
Assist our courage, make the conquest ours.

*Rob.* Heauen match thy might with their, protect vs to,
To let this people know what thou canst doe.

*Sol.* A charge, a charge, rayle drummes, and Cannons rore,
Christians,

Chriſtians, at home your friends abroad deplore.
*Godf.* Chriſtians at home abroad our conqueſts fame;
Thou whom we truſt this day make knowne thy name.

*Alarum. Ioyne Battle: The Chriſtians are beaten off. The Soldan victoriouſly Leades off his Souldiers marching.*

*Enter* Charles *and* Godfrey *with Piſtols.*

*Cha.* O Heauen, that multitude ſhould more then manhood,
That we ſhould thus be borne downe with a preſſe,
Be throng'd and ſhouldered from the place we keepe!
*Godf.* For euery man we leade, the Foe hath ten,
Their weapons tops appeare aboue their heads,
In as thicke number as the ſpikes of graine
Vpon a well-til'd land: they haue more liues
Then all our tyred armes could ſend to death,
If they ſhould yeeld their bare breſts to our ſwords.
*Char.* What ſhal we do? we are encompaſt round,
Girded with thouſand thouſands in a Ring:
And like a man left on a dangerous rocke,
That waites the climbling tide riſe to deſtroy him:
What way ſo ere he lookes, ſees nought but Death:
So we; the bloody tide growes vp apace,
Whoſe waues will ſwallow vs and all our race.
Where's *Guy* and *Euſtace?*
*Godf.* Gone to ſcale a Tower
In which our father lyes: Oh I did ſee them
Cut downe a wood of men vpon the ſuddayne:
Their ſwords cut Lances, as a Sythe cuts Graſſe:
Their valour ſeemes to me miraculous.
Thou Sauiour of the world, whoſe Croſſe we beare,
Infuſe our hearts with courage, theirs with feare. *Exeunt.*

*Enter* Soldan, Sophy, *and ſouldiers.* *Alarum.*
*Enter* Guy *and* Euſtace *with their father.*

*Euſt.* A Syon, a Syon.

*Guy.* A *Ieruſalem.*
*Euſt.* A father, and in him a Crowne of ioy.
*Guy* A *Syon*, a *Ieruſalem*, a father.
*Euſt.* Through their Decurians, Centurions and Legions,
Captaines of thouſands, and ten thouſands guards,
We haue ventured euen vpon the Cannons mouth,
And ſeal'd the bulwarkes where their Ordnance plaid.
The ſtrength of Armies triumphes in thoſe Armes,
We haue ſurpriz'd the Fortreſſe and the Hold:
My ſhield I haue had cut peece-meale from mine arme.
But now you would haue taken me for an Archer,
So many arrowes were ſtucke heere and here,
The Pagans thought to make a Quiuer of mee.
*Alarum enter Pagans*
See brother, how the foe freſh forces gather!
A *Syon*, a *Ieruſalem*, a father.

*Euery one by turne takes vp their father, and carries him:*
*Enter the two brothers, they aide and ſeeond them.*
*And with a ſhout carry him away.*

*Alarum: Enter* Soldan, Sophie.

*Sol.* An Enginer, call forth an Enginer.
*Sop.* Why, what to do, my Lord?
*Sol.* I'le make theſe Turrets dance among the Clouds,
Before the Chriſtians ſhall inhabite them.
*Sop.* Yet there is hope of conqueſt, fight brane *Soldan*.
*Sol.* Theſe Chriſtians rage, like ſpirits enuiur'd vp,
Their thundring Ordnance ſpit huge clouds of fire,
They runne againſt the wals like iron rammes,
And beate them downe afore them with their breſts.
*Sop.* Fortune thou art too enuious of our glory,
Behold the two great'ſt Emperours of the earth,
The *Babylonian Soldan*, and great *Sophy*;
Vaueil thine eyes, and looke vpon our fals.
*Sol.* Fortune and fate, and death, the diuell and all,

*Enter*

*Enter Moretes and Turnus.*

Oppoſe themſelues againſt vs. Mow what newes?

*Mor.* Death. *Sop.* What newes bring'ſt thou?

*Tur.* Confuſion.

*Sol.* Confuſion was once page vnto my ſword.
Is the day loſt? *Tur.* Loſt.

*Sol.* Muſt we needs deſpaire? *Mor.* Deſpaire.

*Sol.* We will not, we will die reſoluedly,
The Palace we will make a ſlaughter-houſe,
The ſtreets a Shambles, Kennels ſhall runne bloud,
Downe from Mount *Syon*, with ſuch hideous noiſe,
As when great ſhowres of water fals from Hils.

*Sop.* Through which way did they make irruption firſt?

*Tur.* Through the gate, cal'd *Antiochia*.
The ſelfe-ſame breach that Romane *Titus* made,
When he deſtroy'd this Citty, they burſt ope.

*Sol.* There is ſome vertue in the Croſſe they weare,
It makes them ſtrong as Lyons, ſwift as Roes.
Their reſolutions make them Conquerours.
They haue tane our Royall Standerd from the wals,
In place whereof they haue aduanc'd their Croſſe.

*Sop.* I will not I ſuruiue ſo foule a ſhame,
Once more vnite our powers, (I meane our ſelues)
For all powers elſe haue fail'd vs; brauely fight,
That our declining ſunne may make there night!

*Enter the foure brethen.*

*Sol.* Chriſtians, baſe Chriſtians, heare vs when we call,
Eternall darkneſſe ſhall confound you all.

*Alarum. The foure brethren each of them kill a Pagan King, take off their Crownes, and exeunt: two one way, and two another way. Retrait.*

*Enter* Robert, Tancred, Godfrey, Guy, Charles, Euſtace, *Old Duke*, *Drumme*, *Colours*, *and Souldiers.*

*Rob.* Now ſmoth againe the wrinkles of your browes,

And

And wash the blood from off your hands in milke:
With penitentiall prayses laude our God,
Ascribe all glory to the heauenly powers,
Since *Syon* and *Ierusalem* are ours.
*Tower.* We do abhorre a heart puft vp with pride,
That attributes these conquests to our strength:
'Twas Hee that strengthned vs and weakned them,
And gaue vs *Syon* and *Ierusalem*.
*Godf.* Thou that dost muster Angels in the skye,
That in thy selfe hast power of Victory,
Make thy name shine, bright as the noone-tyde Sunne,
Since *Syon* and *Ierusalem* are wonne.
*Old D.* My former want hath now sufficient store,
For hauing seene this, I desire no more:
How faire and smooth my streame of pleasure runnes,
To looke at once on *Syon* and my sonnes!
*Guy.* Showers of abundance raine into our laps,
To make repentance grow within our hearts:
What greater earthly blisse could Heauen powre down,
Then *Syon*, our deare father, and this Towne?
*Cha.* Then to confirme these conquests Heauen hath giuen vs
Seal'd with the blood of Kings and Emperours;
Let vs elect a King, that may maintayne
Our honors with the deaths of Monarches slayne.
*Eust.* Call foorth the Patriarch of *Ierusalem*,
His right hand must bequeath that dignity.
*Godf.* With teares I speake it, lagging in the trayne
Of the distressed *Soldan* he was slayne.
*Rob.* Prais'd be our God, we haue reueng'd his death:
Great Potentates consort him to his graue.
*Char.* What man, for grauity and sanctity,
May we thinke worthy of this honoured place?
*Rob.* Whose yeares, deuotion, and most sacred life,
Better can fit that holy place, then his
Whose worthy sonnes haue brought to end these wars?
Princes, ioyne hands, inuest him all at once. *Flourish.*
*Old D.* My feruent zeale, bids I should not deny:

It

It brings my ſoule to Heauen before I dye.

*Eu.* But Princes, whom will ye elect the King,
To guard this Citty from ſucceeding perill.

*Godf.* *Robert* of *Normandy*.

*Rob.* Oh choſe Prince *Tancred* rather.

*Tan.* Too weake is my deſert, and I refuſe it.

*Enſt.* Then put it too moſt voyces.

*All.* *Robert* of *Normandy*.

*Rob.* Princes, we thanke you for your loues a
But letters from *England* tell me *William's* dead,
And by ſucceſſion left the Crowne to me:
I ſay Prince *Godfrey* hath deſeru'd it beſt.

*Tan.* So *Tancred* ſayes.

*All.* And ſo ſay all the reſt.

*Godf.* Princes, yee preſſe me downe with two much honors,
And load a ſoule that cannot beare them vp:
Diſſwade me not, no counſell I will heare:
Behold a Crowne which *Godfrey* meanes to weare! *A crowne*
This made the blood run from our Sauiors brow *of thornes!*
No Crowne but this can *Godfreyes* heart allow.
Prayers are my pride, deuotion drawes my ſword,
No pompe but this can *Bullens* ſoule affoord:
My vow's irreuocable, ſtate I refuſe;
No other Crowne but this wil *Godfrey* chuſe.

*Tan.* If he renute the place, elect Prince *Guy*;
Moſt voices; ſhal he haue the Soepter? *All.* I.

*Rob.* Then crowne him ſtraight, and henceforth let his name
Be through the World cal'd *Guy* of *Leſſingham*:
All theſe deſire it, I conſent with them;
Long liue Prince *Guy*, King of *Hieruſalem*. *floriſh.*

*Guy.* The crowne is burſt, and parted from my head,
I feare the heauens are angry with your choyce.

*Old D.* Son *Guy* they are not. By Diuine inſtinct
The heauens haue lent me a Propheticke ſpirit:
This ſhewes thy troublous Raigne, mutines from far,
Shal fright thy Townes and Prouinces with War.

*Guy.* If it be nothing elſe, crowne me agayne,

We haue a heart our Kingdome to maintayne:
What honours do my brothers heads awaite?
*Ro.* Prince *Euſtace*, you ſhal weare this crown of ſtate
Be King of *Sicil* and command that Iſle:
Lord *Charles*, the crowne of *Cyprus* longs to you,
That in the fight the King of *Cyprus* ſlue: *flouriſh.*
One generall voyce at once proclaime them Kings.
*Char.* In memory of this ſolemnity,
Here wil I leaue this Scutchion borne by me:
That in what coaſt ſo e're my bones be layd,
This ſhield may be an honour to my Trade.
*Euſt.* Mine ſhal hang there, a trophie of my fame,
My Trade is famous by King *Euſtace* name.
*Guy.* In memory a King hath borne this ſhield,
I adde theſe Challices to this Argent Field.
*God.* In honour of my firſt profeſſion,
That ſhield in all theſe wars by *Godfrey* borne,
I crowne this Maids-head with a wreath of Thorne.
*Old D.* Oh were my daughter here this ioy to ſee;
How light her ſoule! how glad would my heart bee?
*Tan.* Would I had now my loue.
*Guy.* Or I that Dame,
That addes to beauties Sunne a brighter flame.
*Bal.* Were the faire Virgin here I would renowne
Her glorious beauty with the Engliſh Crowne.
*Euſt.* Princes, Ile ſit you all, Lady come foorth.

*Enter* Bella Franca.

*Bell.* The louely Princes.
*Tan.* Faire Miſtreſſe!
*Char.* Lady! *Godf.* Madame!
*Guy.* Honoured Saint!
*Bell.* Nay pardon me, loue comes not by conſtraint:
But Princes, will you grant me patience,
Before I part, I meane to pleaſe you all.
Firſt holy Patriarch, tel me of all others,
Whom in the World you moſt deſire to ſee.
*Old D.* My daughter.

*Bell.*

*Bell.* Prince *Godfrey*, *Charles*, *Eustace*, whom say you?
*All.* Next your selfe our sister.
*Bell.* And whom you?
*Tan.* My loue. *Bell.* Who's that?
*Tan* Your honoured selfe faire maide.
*Bel.* Nay, Ile make good the words that I haue saide:
Father, I giue a Daughter to your hand:
Brothers, behold, here doeth your sister stand:
*Tancred* behold the Lady you once cear'd,
Onely I leaue Prince *Robert* heere displeas'd.
*Old D.* My daughter *Bella Franca*!
*Brothers.* Sister! *Tan.* Loue!
*Old D.* I am too happy, and too ful of ioy;
Heauen powers on me more good then I can beare;
I that before was staru'd, now surfet heere.
*Rob.* Princes, and Lady, nothing can displease vs,
For we pertake in all this glad consent,
And with applause reioyce this accident;
*Tancred* reioyce, your loue, and you your friends,
Where you beginne with mariage, our loue ends:
Kings, and Kings peeres, to Heauen ascribe the glory,
Whilst we to Chronicles Report this story.
*Guy.* Make loue vnto my sister! tis most strange,
Now *Guy* I would thou hadst thy French loue here;
My heart would grant her what I then Refus'd;
Now hauing got this state of dignity,
I grieue that I haue so obdurate beene,
But for amends would make her Syens Queene.
*Eust.* And wel Remembred brother, I must now
Entreate you for a pretty boy your page,
That hath on some occasion stray'd from you,
*Guy.* Oh brother, where's the Villaine?
*Eust.* Pardon him, and I will tell you.
*Guy.* Great were th'offence, I would not cleare for you.
*Eust.* The poore boy, brother, stayes within my Tent,
But so disguis'd you cannot know him now,
For hee's turn'd wench; and but I know the wagge,

To be a boy, to ſee him thus transform'd,
I ſhould haue ſworn he had beene a Wench indeed.
*Guy.* Pray, let me ſee him, brother in that habite,
I would not looſe the Villaine for more gold
Then *Syon* would be ſold for; he wil bluſh
To be tane tardy in his Maides attire.
*Euſt.* You haue pardoned him?
*Guy.* I haue. *Euſt.* Then *Iacke* appeare:
*Enter the* French *Lady.*
Nay bluſh not to be in your Womans geere.
*Guy.* Leape heart, dance ſpirit, be merry iocund ſoule,
Tis ſhe vndoubtedly.
*Lady.* You know me then?
*Guy.* I do, 'twas that diſguiſe,
That all this while hath blinded my cleere eyes.
*Euſt.* Fye, are you not aſham'd to kiſſe a boy,
And in your armes to graſpe him with ſuch ioy?
*Guy.* She is no boy, you do miſtake her quite.
*Euſt.* A boy, a Page, a wagtaile by this light:
What ſay you ſiſter?
*Bel.* Sure he told me ſo,
For if he be a maide, I made him one.
*Euſt.* Do not miſtake the ſex, man, for he's none,
It is a rogue, a wag, his name is *Iacke*,
A notable diſſembling lad, a Cracke.
*Guy.* Brother, 'tis you that are deceiu'd in her,
Beſhrew her, ſhe hath beene my bedfellow
A yeare and more, yet I had not the grace——
Brothers receiue a ſiſter; reuerent Father
Accept a daughter, whilſt I take a Wife,
And of a great Kings daughter make a Queene:
This is the beauteous Virgin, the French Lady,
To whom my fortune ſtill remaines in debt.
*Euſt.* A Lady, then I cry you mercy brother,
A gallant Bride, would I had ſuch another.
*Lady.* A wondrous change! ſhe that your Page hath beene
Is now at length transform'd to be your Queene:

Pardon

Pardon me *Guy*, my loue drew me along,
No ſhamelleſſe luſt.
*Guy*. Faire Saint, I did you wrong:
If Fortune had not beene your friend in this,
You had not layne thus long without a kiſſe:
Father, embrace her; brothers; ſiſter, all.
*Old D*. This fortune makes our ioyes meere comicall:
The fame of our ſucceſſe all *Europe* rings:
The Father, Patriarch, ſees his ſonnes all Kings.
*Rob*. The heauens are ful of bounty; then braue Princes
Firſt in the Temple hang theſe Trophies vp,
As a remembrance of your fortunes paſt:
You good old Father, weare your Patriarchs Roabes,
Prince *Godfrey*, walk you with your Crown of thorns:
*Guy* with his Lady; *Tancred* with his Wife:
*Charles* with his Crown of *Cyprus*, and yong *Euſtace*
Crown'd with the rich *Sicilian* Dyadem:
I with the honour of the Pagans Deaths.
So in Proceſſion walke we to *Chriſts* Tombe,
With humble hearts to pay our Pilgrimes vowes:
Repayre we to our Countries, that ones done,
For *Syon* and *Ieruſalem* are wyonne.

*Exeunt omnes.*

FINIS.